

# CORONET

EMBER

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Film Story:

**This Is  
New York**

Fiction Feature:

**Angel  
with a Torch**

**South Americans**

# CORONET

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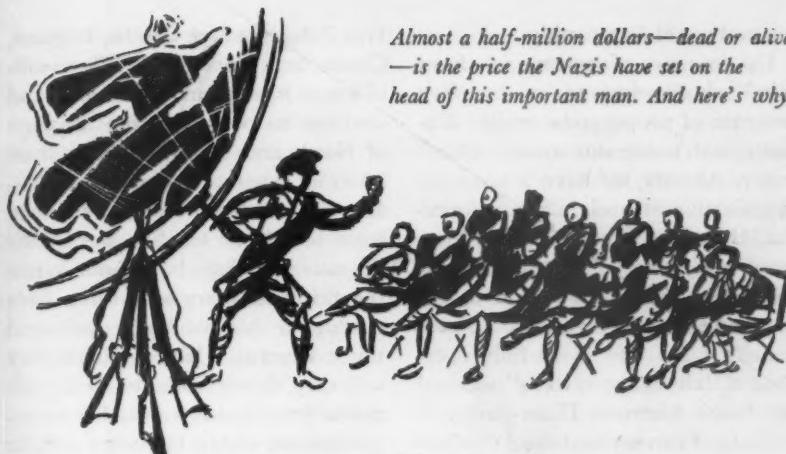
### Cover Girl

Marguerite Chapman, one-sixth of the now famous *Nan Blues* Sex-tette, claims descent from that delightful early American character, "Appleseed Johnny" Chapman, who scattered apple seeds wherever he went. At White Plains, New York, High School, she was understudy for the dramatic society—never acted a line. Instead, she designed hats until John Powers hired her—modeled for him until Warner Brothers put her in the movies. That's where Coronet found her (it was nothing, really) for Eugene Robert Richee's first Coronet cover subject.



CORONET, NOVEMBER, 1941; VOL. 11, NO. 1; WHOLE NO. 4

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart, Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1941, by Esquire, Inc. Title Registered U. S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.



Almost a half-million dollars—dead or alive—is the price the Nazis have set on the head of this important man. And here's why!

## **Tomorrow the Reich Is Ours!**

by DR. OTTO STRASSER

FROM WHERE I write, at my desk in Canada, Berlin seems far away. And yet I could not be closer if my office were overlooking the Wilhelmstrasse in the heart of the German capital. Letters, messages, wires continue to pour in at an ever-increasing rate from my spies and informants—the representatives of the Free-German Government who are constantly working within the Reich.

Yes, Berlin is even nearer today than it was eight years ago during my exile in Austria. And tomorrow—Berlin, the Reich, Germany will be ours—once more the sacred property of Free Germans!

But more of that later. It is today that is important. Today, when from my offices in Canada I have trans-

mitted to the Allied governments a list containing the names of those men who are best fitted to lead the government of Free Germany—to carry on that war to the death against Hitler-

### **\$400,000—Dead or Alive**

*Wanted by Himmler, respected by Hitler, feared by Goebbels—but warmly welcomed by free-thinking, Hitler-hating Germans and non-Germans the world over, Dr. Otto Strasser is probably the key to the ultimate demise of Hitler and Hitlerism. Once a Captain in the Kaiser's army; wearer of the Iron Cross and Bavarian military order; and member of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, Dr. Strasser is as German as the Rhine. Nevertheless, in 1930, bitterly opposed to Hitler's principles, he started a counter-Hitler party known as the Black Front—fighting Hitler openly until he was forced to flee in 1933. If he had no other quarrel with the Nazis, Otto Strasser would still hate them out of personal revenge. His brother Gregory was murdered by Nazis in 1934—"for reasons of state."*

ism and world dictatorship.

Up to now, of course, we have restricted ourselves to an intensive program of propaganda against Nazism, both inside and outside of Germany. Already we have a powerful organization at work in South America. Here, the Free German Movement is working with tremendous effectiveness. For, in addition to extensive propaganda work on our own behalf, it has also successfully operated a "checking-system" against the South American Hitler-party.

Today I can say that this Free German network in South America is out-Hitlering Hitler at every step.

If, for example, Dr. Wesemann is made head of Gestapo in Central America, we get the news within a few hours. If Dr. Best, author of the notorious murder program of the so-called "Boxheimer Documents," lands at Rio de Janeiro, our agents will shadow him from the moment he sets foot on Brazilian soil. They will come into possession of his list of appointments with native and foreign statesmen; they will know which Nazis are to be recalled to the Fatherland and will find out which are marked for oblivion and why. You see, our agents are able to trace Nazi intrigue down there, because we have friends in their consulates—even in their embassies!

Another ambition of the Free German program—now seeing realization—is the formation of a Free German Legion to march shoulder to shoulder with the Free French, the

Free Poles, the Free Czechs, Belgians, Greeks and Norwegians. Thousands of letters have poured in to me—and continue to pour in—from all parts of North and South America, from internment and prison camps in Canada and Australia, written by men eager to fight for freedom and for the liberation of their homeland. While the British military authorities have not up to this moment encouraged this movement, I have no doubt they will very shortly come to see its immense propaganda value. For its repercussions within Germany will be far-reaching, and the loyalty of the German soldier to the Nazi regime will be still further undermined.

YOU WILL NOTE that I have said *will be still further undermined*. I use these words deliberately. For the Free German Movement already has successfully consolidated all opposition to Nazism within Germany itself!

One does not have to look far for proof. Do you recall the secret address delivered by Heinrich Himmler, Chief of Nazi Secret Police, to a meeting of Nazi "bigs"—just a few days before Hitler marched into Russia? It received considerable publicity.

"Gentlemen," said Himmler at that time, "not only do we have our fronts on land, at sea, and in the air. Today we have—and let us not attempt to ignore the facts—a vicious front right here within the heart of Germany. Gentlemen, I am instructed by the Fuehrer to stamp out that menace.

But I need men. I need five hundred thousand additional men at once. I need men not only to fight communism, but because growing unrest makes the employment of larger forces imperative!"

These are not the words of a leader who has the situation "well in hand." These words, bared to me by one of my most reliable men in Germany, are the words of a man who faces a grave and immediate danger. A request for one half-million *additional* men, far from being routine, betrays an organized opposition which Hitler fears as surely as he fears Churchill.

And of what does this opposition consist? The Gestapo knows only too well. One of the recent monthly reports sent by the Security Service of the Gestapo to the Supreme Command (a report which is forwarded to me regularly by one of my closest friends who happens to hold a high position in the Gestapo itself) remarked on the alarming rise of sabotage in Germany.

Four factions were named as principal opposition elements: the German Confessional Church, inspired by Dr. Martin Niemöller; the Black Front, which I previously helped to organize and of which I am still the nominal head; the Communists; and finally the fanatic followers of the men who, headed by Roehm, were murdered in the 1934 blood purge.

But this, you say, is nothing new. These groups have long had their agents and confidants in every regiment of the army, in every party cell,

in every government department of major importance.

One thing, however, is new. Today these groups operate far more effectively than ever before. Today their opposition is felt to the extent that Himmler must have an additional half-million men to combat them, because today, the opposition to Hitler has been united under one common cause, the Free German Movement!

MANY WILL concede that Hitler's success is largely due not only to his original and devilishly ingenious use of the fifth column, but also to a hesitancy on the part of the democratic nations to adopt this propaganda technique as a most welcome weapon—even after he has demonstrated its tremendous effectiveness.

Realizing this, the Free German Movement has unhesitatingly adopted this technique in its drive to stop Hitler and regain our country. *We are fighting Hitler with Hitler's own weapons*—a fact which in itself has proved a serious blow to Germans.

One manifestation of this technique is, of course, *sabotage*. And in accordance with instructions which I have continuously sent into the Reich, ever since 1935, sabotage *has* been practiced—everywhere. As a matter of fact, our agents in the Reich have now begun to complain—there is not sufficient first-class material for sabotage work being placed at their disposal, so widespread is the practice.

A second means of opposition to

the Hitler regime has been *passive resistance*. This is a much less specialized work than sabotage, yet sometimes more effective. For not even Nazi mathematicians can fix the maximum factory turnout per man-day. Too many elements have to be considered: age, health, sex, nationality, family, skill, versatility, intelligence, temperament, even religion.

As a result, Germans who are with us at heart are making the most of the situation. There is not a single day that the Goering offices do not receive reports of factories falling behind schedule; of trains running below average speed; of mines not producing their fixed quota. And you have read in the papers of bombs falling over English cities and failing to explode; of torpedoes strangely veering from their course.

No longer is this passive resistance on the part of thousands merely hit-or-miss. To reduce the effective labor of the Nazis is one of the trumps of the Free German Movement.

If it succeeds, our battle is half won. If the work output of the thirty-six million gainfully employed Germans can be reduced by only five per cent, it will mean a gain of about eighteen million work-hours daily for

the cause of democracy, and an equal loss for the cause of brutality.

And it will succeed—is succeeding! The Free German movement is promising Germans the battle of democracy is against Nazism—not against the German people. We are constantly assuring them that a democratic victory will not impair but actually improve their situation.

But promises are not always effective. Other cases call for sterner measures—and so we find the policy of *threat* most useful. Daily, Nazis are being threatened that they can

never match the enormous resources of the United States and the British Empire—that they had better give a thought to tomorrow, when Hitler is destroyed.

One of the most effective weapons in our fight against the Gestapo has been underground broadcasting.

For example, suppose the Gestapo has made some arrests among members of our organization. The next day, the Free German underground broadcaster will be heard throughout Germany by all who dare to listen:

"Yesterday at 3:30 p. m., two of our members were arrested in Adolf Hitler Street in Nuremberg and were brutally beaten during the afternoon



hours and late into the evening by Gustav Mueller, Heinrich Schwerdtfeger and Paul Kilian, all commissioners of the Nuremberg Gestapo. All this took place at Gestapo Headquarters. We warn you, Herr Mueller, Herr Schwerdtfeger and Herr Kilian, to cease at once the maltreatment of our men lest you be crushed by the revenge of the Schwarze Front, when Germany again belongs to free men."

This propaganda is scaring the wits out of thousands of Hitlerites. Every day—every hour—it is sowing doubt as to Hitler's integrity and so-called "greatness." Steadily it is undermining any hope of a German victory.

THIS, THEN, is the picture today. The Free German movement is vigorously gnawing away at the very roots of Nazism with teeth filed to needle sharpness. Our organizations are fighting Hitler, at home or in South America, with his own weapons. We have consolidated earlier gains against Hitler with important new gains.

And tomorrow?

Tomorrow will find the establishment of a German Government in Exile! Naturally this is our ultimate goal. For while the underground movement in Germany and elsewhere is doing immeasurably valuable work, still it can not, in the nature of its work, stress the element of authority.

And yet, the average German is guided exclusively by the authoritarian system. Obedience is the first and foremost duty of the German citizen.

Hitler has made obedience, authority and leadership the very foundation of his hierarchy.

The average German will have a far better understanding of democracy's fight for freedom and justice when a Government in Exile issues categorical decrees to overcome his scruples. The existence of a single government in Berlin leaves him no room for doubt—whereas the existence of another government in Washington or London will cause him to think and to decide for himself!

THAT IS WHY I have forwarded to Allied authorities a plan for the establishment of such a Government in Exile for Germany. Today I await authorization to proceed. Tomorrow it will come—must come!

The names I have proposed are those of men whose names still carry great weight at home.

Probably the most important is the former Chancellor, Dr. Heinrich Brüning, who can still count on the sympathies and support of the overwhelming majority of the twenty million Catholics in Germany. Another is Hermann Rauschning, former president of the Danzig Senate, who has many friends among the Conservatives in Germany who hate the Hitler regime as he does. Among the Liberals, I have named Thomas Mann, former Minister Treviranus and a member of the Stresemann family. There are others well capable of making an important contribution in the

task of moulding a new Germany, too. There is the former Minister of the Interior, Sollmann; there is Hoeltermann, leader of the "Reichsbanner." And last but by no means least, there is a representative of the Confessional Church of Dr. Niemöller.

Such a government—headed by such men—will round out adequately the tremendous program which we have undertaken and carried along thus far. This will be the true German government, based primarily upon aims such as the following:

1. The destruction of every vestige of Nazi policy and doctrine, political, social, as well as economic.
2. Abolition of forced labor and compulsory membership in state-controlled labor unions. Economic security for all.
3. Restoration of free elections and re-establishment of an independent Parliament. The ultimate aim is the formation of a Confederation of

the German people similar to the Swiss Cantons.

4. The Free German Movement pledges itself to the idea of a European federation, based on President Wilson's democratic principle proclaiming the "right of self-determination" for all peoples and nations.
5. Freedom of worship regardless of race or creed.

Obviously, here is a German government guided by the conviction that the important question is not the realization of certain national interests or ambitions, but rather the common struggle of the united democratic freedom front. A common battle—a common victory—a common peace—this is and must be the slogan of the democratic front, just as it has been of the totalitarian front.

Today, it is our greatest need—this Free German Government in Exile. With it—tomorrow—Germany will once again be ours!



### ***Philosophy of the Famous***

*Eleanor Roosevelt:* "It is easier to fight *for* than against something."

*Joan Crawford:* "Happiness was born twins."

*Robert Hunter:* "The world is not made for us but is what we make it."

*Before you answer that doorbell, better read this important exposé of one of the most wide open fields for "rackets" in America*



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## Racketeers Ring Doorbells

by FRANK W. BROCK

**M**OST OF THE peddlers who beat a path to your door will give you something for your money.

The rose-bushes may be dead, or the five dollar elastic girdle may be priced at a dollar twenty-nine at the nearest chain store, but at least you have a memento of your gullibility. New York's Bowery is lined with dismal shops which manufacture atrocious stuff especially for peddlers—arid fountain pens, cameras with window-glass lenses, cheap electric clocks, dangerous electric water heaters and used razor blades in new wrappings.

And they do a whopping business.

We contribute about one billion dollars a year to the support of an industry which employs from 700,000 to 2,000,000 canvassers — although it does seem that there *must* be more than that. Whatever the number, conservative police statistics prove that at least ten per cent of active canvassers have criminal records. If these figures are correct, there are between 70,000

and 200,000 gyps and criminals ringing doorbells. If they get ten per cent of the billion dollar gross, then we are paying them \$100,000,000 every year —which seems to be worth talking about even today.

There is a definite connection between nomadic canvassing crews and many of the so-called charities which are, in fact, petty rackets and exist in practically every city. Using the name of the charity as a front—and as protection against too speedy police action—the door-to-door workers claim that part of the purchase price is devoted to some charitable purpose.

In Oklahoma City bottles of imitation vanilla extract which cost eleven and one-half cents were sold for a dollar. A local veteran's organization received fifteen cents for the use of its name and the manager and his crew got the rest. An orphan asylum in an eastern state has been used for years as the main selling argument by a national grocery-selling organization

whose representatives can be found in almost every state in the Union. Only a few pennies of these dollars ever find their way to the coffers of this charity.

TRAVELING like modern gypsies from coast to coast in automobiles and trailer caravans is a formidable clan known to most police authorities and Better Business Bureaus as the Williamsons. Their number is indefinite and although their mission is peaceful — though larcenous — they descend on a community like an invading horde and leave behind them a collection of phony "Oriental" rugs, "hand-made" laces, furs, tablecloths and "linens" in the hope chests of the innocents.

Every Williamson is an actor, a master of dialect and a cheat. If you open your door to a pseudo-sailor who gives his trousers a nautical hitch and politely touches a finger to the peak of his sea-going cap before beginning his spiel with a broad Scotch burr, you are perfectly safe—if you haven't any money in the house. And what yarns he spins! He's just back from the Orient and has seemingly landed a cargo of rugs without the knowledge of the customs, or from Canada with

*To readers who have followed Frank Brock's series of racket exposés in Coronet, he needs no introduction. Starting back in 1915, with Samuel Hopkins Adams on the old New York Tribune, Mr. Brock has worked hard at racket-busting ever since. Today his files contain many thousands of clippings on practically every current racket — plus many he has helped to retire. Well known both to Better Business Bureaus and individuals, Mr. Brock receives thousands of letters asking advice and information on how to avoid being gypped. To those who enclose return postage he gives special attention, appreciating their consideration. Next month's Frank Brock piece will be *The Misused Car Racket* — one of his best.*

English woolens, or from Russia with furs you can have at a bargain price.

On the next block Delia or Margaret or Marie is beguiling housewives with an Irish brogue and hand-made laces. Thousands of women have returned to their kitchens literally "trimmed with lace" after vainly

trying to resist the bargains and brogue of the imitation colleens. Shrewd traders, these Williamsons. They will take less than their first asking price, of course, but if they feel that a drastic reduction is inevitable they resort to finesse. Pretending an

urgent need of money they cannily suggest a "loan" of twenty-five or thirty dollars—a third of the original price—for which they will leave their beautiful laces as security. But the "loans" never mature and the "security" can be duplicated in local stores for a fraction of the amount loaned.

BEFORE WAR PRIORITY orders interfered, more than 150 million dollars worth of aluminum cooking utensils were disposed of by direct sales in homes. This was accomplished by a reputable company which had devised a clever variation of doorbell ringing technique for its demonstrators who provided rather elaborate lunch-

eons for a group of women at the home of a prominent hostess. The cooking of the food was a demonstration of the pots and pans, and after a hearty meal it wasn't so difficult to interest the diners in an order blank. Time payments were arranged.

Success begets imitators. Club women in a fashionable New York suburb were sold "oil paintings" through similar methods. The "company" provided a suave salesman who addressed them as a group and, after explaining the desperate plight of several New York portrait artists, announced that his company had arranged with the artists to produce oil paintings from photographs at reduced prices. It wouldn't be necessary for the ladies to pay cash. Just sign the order and a trade acceptance (a form of note) for the price of the picture. Delivery was promised within thirty days, which also happened to be the due date of the trade acceptance.

So they signed. Delay followed delay. No pictures were delivered, but the trade acceptances were duly presented for payment by a finance company which had purchased the whole lot at a discount. As an innocent third party to the transaction the finance company was entitled to its money

regardless of whether the paintings were delivered or not. While all this was happening the eloquent gentleman who started it was indicted in Boston in connection with a picture enlargement scheme, which led to the belief that the "paintings" were nothing more than enlarged photographs decorated with a few daubs of paint.

Better Business Bureaus caution, "Read Before You Sign," but it is equally important that you understand what you read.

BAITING the customers with standard merchandise at ridiculously low prices in order to sell worthless articles at exorbitant prices is a recent development of door-to-door slickers. Carrying samples of sheets and pillowcases of a brand with which every housewife is familiar they quote bargain prices, write down the quantity ordered, ask for no money but state that the goods will be delivered C. O. D. within ten days. Having thus created the impression of being perambulating philanthropists, they exhibit their beautiful "Oriental" rugs. These they sell for cash and deliver at once, and for weeks afterwards the lady of the house wonders and won-



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ders whatever happened to the sheets and pillowcases which are *never* delivered.

Given a job lot of cheap oilcloth to dispose of, the gyp's crafty mind has devised a dramatic selling routine which would rate high on any sales chart. When he appears at your kitchen door clad in cap and overalls with folding rule and heavy pencil in his pocket he is the personification of honest labor. With a smirk he tells you that he is just completing a job of laying new linoleum in the recreation room of the Presbyterian Church in the next block, and he has enough left over to do a medium-sized kitchen. Would madam be interested? He'll make the price right.

He dangles the bait a little by appearing to be doubtful about having enough, but after he measures the floor and does a little mental arithmetic he says there'll be about a yard left over. He quotes a price which includes a cement-laying job just as soon as he gets through at the church, consents to take a little less—that satisfies the lady's desire for a bargain—brings in a big roll wrapped in paper, stands it in the corner, collects his money and promises to return right after five o'clock. Then he passes out of madam's life forever.

A few drops of expensive perfume on the label or cork of a bottle filled with a colored liquid is usually sufficient to convince the average stenographer that she is getting the real thing for seventy-five cents an ounce.

Crude oil—or worse—in a bottle labeled "Furniture Polish" is foisted on housewives—or flour and water—shake well before using—for silver polish. Goodness knows what they pawn off as cold cream or other cosmetics. A peddler's box of soap containing five or six cakes, heavily perfumed, costs from eight to ten cents wholesale at the cheap "flash goods" stores which specialize in peddlers' merchandise and is sold for what it will bring. When dissolved in water it makes a passing good varnish remover.

BUT 70,000 GYPS and criminals in any business constitute a problem, and the solution doesn't lie in abolishing canvassing by law. Sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, typewriters and a host of other appliances owe their popularity and widespread use to weary door-to-door work. The introduction, demonstration and sale of worthy merchandise creates a demand and repeat orders, much of which is subsequently filled by retailers. A big percentage of the billion dollar a year turnover created by canvassers eventually benefits local business.

Local campaigns against the gyps are not always conducted intelligently. Some 387 cities and towns in the United States have ordinances designed to control house-to-house canvassing. These range from laws which strictly prohibit all canvassing to revenue-producing ordinances which impose license fees, large or small. Then there are the more generous and

sensible free licenses or permits which require the registration and finger-printing of all direct sellers.

Winnetka, Illinois, has such an ordinance. The permit issued by their Police Department to the solicitor carries these five simple rules:

1. It may be revoked at the discretion of the Chief of Police.
2. It is not transferable.
3. It must be carried on the person and shown on request.
4. Solicitors must not work before nine a. m. or after five p. m.
5. They must not go to back doors.

Such an ordinance is of distinct benefit to a police department, because it aids them in identifying and tracing criminals. A copy of each set of fingerprints is forwarded to the F. B. I. in Washington for comparison with their 18,000,000 file cards, and it is this comparison which provides the information that ten per cent of those seeking permits have criminal records.

In Buffalo, the Better Business Bureau originated and has distributed thousands of "Back Door Protectors" to housewives. This sign, to be hung

on the inside of a screen door, reads on its face: "Before dealing with strangers we protect ourselves by calling the Better Business Bureau." On the side which faces the housewife when she answers the bell are these suggestions:

"Do not pay money to strangers without investigating. Insist that a peddler show you his license issued by the City of Buffalo as required by law.

"Beware of offers of 'free' photographs, permanent wave coupons, building lots, etc. Always look for the catch in a 'free' offer.

"Never sign anything without reading it first. A 'slip of paper' may be a binding agreement to pay a large sum of money.

"Make your purchase on merit alone. 'Sympathy' appeals and 'college boy' stories are often faked. Goods offered on this basis may be high priced.

"Beware of lotteries, punchboards and chance offers. They are illegal and often fraudulent.

"The Better Business Bureau will gladly give you available facts about any proposition or company without charge. Leave the agent or peddler outside while you telephone and be sure to lock screen or storm door."



### **Self-Helps**

*Chang Ch'ao:* "One should discipline oneself in the spirit of autumn and deal with others in the spirit of spring."

*Clarence Darrow:* "Nothing human is alien to me."

*James Adams:* "We are the slaves of words and often fail to realize that the same word has different connotations for different people."



*You can lose a lot more than your heart on "old Broadway," says Banjo-eyed Eddie, from the play of the same name*

## **Broadway Is a Business**

by EDDIE CANTOR

MANY YEARS AGO, an acquaintance said to William Randolph Hearst, "There must be a lot of money in the picture business."

"A lot of mine is in it," Mr. Hearst replied.

But the money he poured into Cosmopolitan Pictures over a period of years is hay compared with what some individuals have sunk into Broadway shows. On today's not-so-gay White Way, these backers are called angels. Some people even call them suckers—but are they? Here's what *Variety* had to say about a couple of them some time ago:

According to Oscar Serlin, *Life With Father* has earned 1,000% profit for those who invested in the production. Show

is now in its 38th week and the earnings do not include those of the Chicago company, which is in its 24th week at the Blackstone. Principal backers are John Hay (Jock) Whitney, said to have put up \$15,000, and Howard Cullman. An offer of \$350,000 for the picture rights has been rejected, as was a bid of \$100,000 for radio rights. Stock and amateur rights have not yet been considered.

So you see that backing a play can prove profitable. The trick is to find the right play—for every successful show, there are a hundred flops. Now and then the theatre gets an *Abie's Irish Rose* or a *Tobacco Road* which insures terrific dividends, but in between the rose and the road you'll

find a lot of thorns and dust and dented bank rolls.

There are devious ways of getting an angel. One is to advertise in the newspapers. You'd be surprised to know how a business man can be intrigued by a straight-forward ad in an important newspaper stating that capital is needed for a theatrical venture, with no guarantee of a success.

I am reminded of an episode in the life of Earl Carroll, whose play, *Lady of the Lamp*, was running in the Republic Theatre on 42nd Street, in New York City, in 1919.

The play was an artistic success, which meant that no one came to see it, and while the actors were willing to play ball, Carroll found himself in difficulty with the gentlemen who owned the theatre. They demanded a guarantee of \$4,000 each week, as the contract called for.

In desperation he ran this ad:

This is my last thousand dollars. I'm spending it to let the theatre-goers of New York City know that they will enjoy *Lady of the Lamp*. In fact, I guarantee it. If, after witnessing the performance, they feel that they haven't had their money's worth, I shall stand in the lobby of the theatre and refund their admissions.

Carroll didn't have to refund a single dollar. Nobody came. But he was lucky because through this ad, he met William H. Edrington, of Fort Worth, Texas, who later made possible the Earl Carroll Theatre on

Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue.

Oft times, showing an angel that you don't care might bring the desired results. Again, let me cite an experience of Earl Carroll.

During opening week of one of the "Vanities," he was approached by a lady who was willing to pay some real money to get a song or two in the show. So Carroll made arrangements to use three choruses of some songs she gave him and was paid \$12,000. The lady, too, was happy with this deal. A short while later, she introduced a friend who was interested in two young song writers. This second lady proposed that Carroll produce a musical comedy written by these lads. He wasn't interested, he told her, but she was persistent. After several months of telephoning, luncheons, week-end conferences, Earl left her country estate one afternoon with two hundred and fifty one-thousand-dollar bills which she gave him from her petty cash! This is the first time, to my knowledge, that an angel came down to earth and begged a producer to do likewise.

The result of this deal was the production of *Fioretta*, with that always-funny comedienne, Fannie Brice. The show ran more than six months.

If you are a prospective angel,

---

Eddie "Banjo Eyes" Cantor, now appearing in a play of the same name, is well qualified to talk about the angels over Broadway. Starting in show business when a boy, Cantor in recent years has spent most of his time in films and on the radio. He returned to the stage this fall after an eleven-year absence.

there is one type of producer whom you must shun. He is the fly-by-night producer who succeeds via failures. This bird sells eight people twenty-five percent each of the show—a practice which could get him into trouble if he had to pay off. But he never does, because he makes sure the show will fail.

One such producer opened a musical comedy in Atlantic City and, woe and behold, half way through the first act he realized that he might have a hit on his hands. Here is something he never counted on. A hit meant bookkeeping—it meant paying off the backers.

Whereupon he eliminated encores that were positive applause-getters; he threw out laugh lines. The juvenile was a very likeable singer and dancer. Mr. Producer paid him two weeks salary and replaced him with his nephew, a fat, flat-footed amateur, who got screams out of straight romantic lines.

Despite this "finagling," however, the show finished the week at a profit.

HERE IS A STORY of a not-so-honest theatrical character who was on the receiving end of a lovely practical joke. This gentleman told several of his theatrical friends that he was going to hook a sucker from an ad he placed in the most important newspaper in New York. But his friends were laying for him and the next day one of them answered the ad.

"I'm very much interested," spoke up the pretender on the phone. "You see I want to be perfectly frank with you—I have a girl with whom I'm very much in love. She hasn't a great deal of talent, but she looks beautiful and I'd like to be certain that she gets into the right kind of a show. I'd be happy to invest up to \$50,000 in such a vehicle."

Our producer held the receiver in a death-like grip. "Look!" he exclaimed, "I will treat that little girl as if she were my own daughter! When can we meet?"

The bogus financier on the other end said: "How is four o'clock? I'll see you just as soon as I'm through with my work down here in Wall Street. My name is Toland Scott."

The tension of an impending "blitz-krieg" is nothing to what went on in the office of our big theatrical "maggot" waiting for the appointed hour.

I wish I had the genius to describe the scene that took place at noon when Mr. Toland Scott, who was merely an actor receiving ten bucks to play the scene, arrived at the producer's office.

"I hope you've drawn up the papers," said Scott, "because I would like to clear this matter up as quickly as possible, inasmuch as I promised the young lady that she was set for one of the leading roles in your show."

"I have the papers right here. You get a fifty per cent interest for your \$50,000," he was told.

"No, I would rather be in complete control. What would I have to invest to own the entire production—a hundred thousand dollars?"

The producer nodded, and his teeth chattered so loud, two people on the floor below started to do the rhumba.

"Well, if you'll just change the papers to make me sole owner, I'm prepared to give you my check."

The details having been attended to, Mr. Scott took his check book out and made a check payable to the producer for \$100,000. As he was about to sign his name to the check, his hand started to tremble, then he shook all over, his eyes rolled ceiling-ward, foam started to collect at his mouth and he gave the greatest imitation of a fit you've ever seen. Our producer took one look and rushed out madly for a doctor. When he returned with the doctor and a nurse—what do you think? You guessed it: there was the check book, the check, no signature and no Mr. Scott. He had gone to collect his ten dollars from the celebrated Broadway producer, George White, who arranged the whole thing.

ONE OF THE greatest mistakes of the past few seasons came not from one who angeled a play—but from one who could have, and didn't—an

astute showman who should have known better. I'm referring to Samuel Goldwyn who, for \$15,000 could have bought a fifty per cent interest in the smash hit, *Three Men on a Horse*. The return on his investment from the stage alone would have amounted to over a quarter of a million dollars in addition to owning one-half of the picture rights which were purchased by Warner Brothers for the reported price of \$200,000.

At one time or another, some of our biggest producers on Broadway have had backers. Investing in a show produced by George Abbot, Sam H. Harris, George White, Max Gordon or Albert Lewis is as good an investment, outside of government securities, as you can possibly find. These individuals not only know the theatre, but they know the business end, too. When you have angeled these men, your money is riding on Sea Biscuit, Twenty Grand and Man o' War!

Lest we get off the subject, let me tell you two stories of two angels I knew personally. The first was the backer for a great musical comedy producer. He seldom got his money back, and frankly, I don't think he cared. You see, he received complimentary tickets. Two holes were punched in them indicating that they were not paid admissions. These the financier showed to all his friends to

prove how friendly he was with the producer. Imagine backing a big Broadway production because you get tickets with holes in 'em—think of all the swiss cheese you could buy for a hundred thousand dollars!

The second of the gentlemen has backed drama after drama with the result that each play has been a failure, but not so far as our little angel is concerned. He picks out one piece of furniture from the set to take home before the rest of the production goes to the storehouse. In his home he allows you to sit on the very bed in which a certain pajama-clad blonde leading lady had breakfast. This old fellow could have his own furniture factory for what these plays cost him. Suckers? I doubt it.

For during my twenty-five years on and off Broadway, I have known dozens of angels who have lost several millions of dollars backing shows—yet I would not call them suckers—because a sucker is a fellow who does something he can't afford to do.

One man can lose \$10,000 betting on a horse race—another can lose ten dollars on the same race. Yet if the ten dollar loser bet more than his pocketbook can afford — while the \$10,000 better pays up without batting an eye—who's the sucker?

**—Suggestions for further reading:**

**LORD BROADWAY**  
by Dayton Stoddart \$3.00  
Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York

**ADVANCE FROM BROADWAY**  
by Norris Houghton \$3.00  
Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., New York

Language

**S**AID Mike to Gus: "You dirty, lying double-crossing cheat! You chiseler, you lousy rat! You low-down lizard! You sniveling hypocrite. I'll beat your ears in, I'll knock your block off, I'll smash you to pieces!"

In the ensuing fracas Gus received a cut lip which stayed swollen for two days.

WROTE the Government of Urbania to the Government of Mangrovia: "the government of Urbania, always desirous of continuing its peaceful terms with the Government of Mangrovia, respectfully submits that a revision of the status quo at this time might prove dangerous to amicable relations between these two peace-loving countries, and hereby begs leave to suggest that a failure to recognize a *fait accompli* might conceivably result in the adoption of precautionary measures."

Ten million men died.

—PARKE CUMMINGS





## *In Flanders Fields* BY JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

(This poem was first published in PUNCH magazine on December 8, 1915)

*In Flanders Fields*

*by*

**JOHN McCRAE**

TUCKED AWAY in a corner of *Punch*, December 8, 1915, were twenty lines of verse under the name John McCrae, an officer then serving as head of the Medical Division of the McGill Canadian General Hospital, in France. Written, according to their author, as a means of passing away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded—partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic meter—the poem was titled simply, “In Flanders Fields.” Today, these same twenty lines have become the poem of the English speaking armies of the world, committed to the hearts of the soldiers, rather than to their memories. Its message, to hold high the torch—now being answered on battle-fields throughout the world—is a vivid picture of how fighting men *feel*—just as it described how men *felt* in April, 1915, when McCrae first scrawled the words on paper. For the unit with which McCrae served was the most advanced of all Allied batteries save one, in those dread days when the German armies were virtually knocking at the gates of Paris. For seventeen days, without let-up, his Brigade held its position—without time even to change clothes. Afterward, McCrae was moved to a hospital at Boulogne, where he was placed in charge as Lieutenant-Colonel. There he remained until he fell victim to pneumonia in January of 1918. Thus John McCrae witnessed only once the glory of warm poppies covering *Flanders Fields*. But he saw the rows and rows of crosses lengthen, saw the torch thrown, caught—and carried to victory. Certainly no twenty lines are more inspiring than those on the reverse side of this gatefold—nor more timely.

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*If you can pay cash on the line and not miss it, you may not want to take advantage of this revolutionary new tuition-instalment plan*



## ***Education on the Cuff***

by HELEN FURNAS

BESIDES TAKING a Pullman honeymoon, buying a house and furniture and having a baby on the instalment plan, you can now even educate your child on the cuff.

From kindergarten all the way through college, instalment education is available through Tuition Plan, Inc., brain-child of Rudolf Neuberger, who thought something could be done about a situation that everybody else merely deplored.

Fortunately for the future of American private-school education, Mr. Neuberger seldom takes no for an answer. The situation into which he resolutely stepped back in September of 1938 was definitely a deadlock. On one hand there were the harassed fathers—gnashing their teeth over the stack of bills on their office desks. Vacation expenses were just getting written off, the third income tax instalment due, fall clothes for the family and a thumping sum—usually half or three-fifths of the year's charges—

due on Tom and Edward's school tuition.

On the other side of the fence were the private school headmasters, who had their own financial obligations—to butchers, bakers, painters, carpenters, teachers, cooks and handymen. While sympathizing with the parents' predicaments, the headmasters wondered what to do about their own. They were also well aware of the fact that tuition bills are more easily neglected than bills from straight commercial concerns. Like doctor bills, they inevitably gravitate to the bottom of the heap.

Many Americans are all for the institution of the private school—in theory. Being independent of public funds, it can try out new educational methods and go in for valuable research more freely than can most public schools. From Maine to California thousands of parents congratulate themselves on being able to provide their children with the obvious ad-

vantages of the smaller classes, smaller student bodies and greater individual attention available in private schools.

By a curious psychological process, however, too many tend to confuse the notion of education paid for by public funds and education furnished by independent and often struggling private outfits. Subconsciously they feel their children are entitled to the best education going, whether or not they can pay the freight. Headmasters say that this attitude is plainly reflected in the strange remarks parents make to them. "You'll be glad to hear that all my bills are taken care of—except the school's" is one classic. "I'm sorry I can't help you out at present" is another.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, though, the schools concur with this point of view—as far as possible. Increasingly in these years since the depression, they have been granting partial and complete scholarships to children who would otherwise be unable to attend private school. In certain schools less than half the enrolled pupils are paying catalogue prices.

Yet, somehow, parents have failed to understand the schools' leniency in the matter of scholarships for those deserving them.

Take a man entering his two children in the same school who feels entitled to a sizable reduction of fees. He named a figure and, says he, the school snapped at it so quickly that he was convinced they would have

taken \$500 less. He felt he had been cheated and at the end of the year removed the children from that school.

The situation was threatening to get out of hand when Mr. Neuberger stepped into the picture. One night at dinner he sat next to his friend, Mrs. Florence McConnell Rogers who, as executive assistant to the president of a big bank and president of the Smith College Club of New York, happily combined the business woman's and the educator's point of view. Mr. Neuberger broached his idea over the soup. By dessert-time Mrs. Rogers was thoroughly fascinated. And Tuition Plan, Inc. came into being.

Today, as a result of Tuition Plan, Inc., private school heads and private school parents in thirty-eight states of the union are breathing considerably easier.

Like most good ideas, this one has that magnificent quality of why-wasn't-that-thought-of-before? It is simply an arrangement whereby subscribing schools may offer parents the choice of paying the old way or paying for tuition and all extras, such as music, riding and bus-service, in eight instalments at a financing charge of four percent on the total amount.

A thousand dollar fee, for instance, would cost a parent \$1040 under Tuition Plan, paid off at \$130 a month for eight months. The school slips a circular into its catalogue outlining the plan. Any parent desiring to use it signs a contract with the school; the school sells the contract to Tuition

Plan and receives in return its full tuition price at the beginning of each term. On the first of each month the parent receives a discreet bill from Tuition Plan.

That's all there is to it—except that, somewhat to the astonishment of subscribing schools, the parent almost invariably pays on the nail. Theoretically, in case of hopeless default, the school is obligated to buy back the contract from Tuition Plan. This arrangement not only protects Tuition Plan, but leaves in the control of the school the decision as to how far to go in each individual case in the matter of final pressing for payment. In practice, however, after three years of operation with well over a hundred schools participating and several thousand contracts written, not a single Tuition Plan contract has had to be bought back.

WHAT SEEMS to long-suffering headmasters like a plumb miracle of prompt payment is not accomplished by conventional dunning either. Tuition Plan's suavely graduated series of reminders to the occasionally tardy bears little resemblance to the tactics of an ordinary collection agency. The crux of the matter lies in translating the "open account" attitude with which people can't help regarding bills from doctors, dentists and schools into the much more respectful attitude with which they regard a signed contract.

Parents have been quicker than the schools at sensing the benefits of Tui-

tion Plan, perhaps because they were already better adjusted to the idea of instalment-plan buying.

"When we began this business," says Mr. Neuburger, "we made two calculations. Both were wrong. One was that, since we were offering schools a plan that would cost them nothing and get them their money promptly, they would flood us with applications. The other was that only a couple of parents in each school would try the plan. Well, that first year we sent out a hundred circulars. Only one school joined up. But within ten days that one school had sent us twenty contracts."

The four to seven thousand dollars a year families, probably the largest class among private school parents, saw the plan as tailored precisely to their needs. When you get your money in the form of a weekly or monthly pay-check, as most people do, it is far easier to budget the children's tuition month by month, than to set aside so many odd hundred against the evil day when the tuition blow falls in a crushing lump.

Surprisingly, the plan has had just as much appeal for the frankly prosperous as for the skinners-by. At the end of this last school-year over one-half of those who used the plan had earned incomes of over \$10,000.

If schools were a little harder to persuade than parents in the beginning, they have made up for it since. Skepticism has given way to delighted appreciation in every school where

the plan has been installed.

Doubting-Thomas headmasters and headmistresses are now beginning to realize that, far from stepping up commercialism in the vital parent-school relationship, Tuition Plan takes it right out of the picture. When a school is certain of receiving a full term's tuition in advance from all plan-users, it can better afford to grant reduced fees where needed.

Tuition Plan's inventors thought of it in connection only with boarding and day-secondary schools. That turned out to be another misconception. What is applicable to private schools such as Dalton and Riverdale in New York City, Ashley Hall in Charleston, Avon Old Farms in Connecticut, St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin, to name a few subscribers, is also applicable to colleges. Hobart, Haverford and a few others have

already discovered the beauties of Tuition Plan and, chances are, more colleges will be along any minute.

After all, as Mrs. Rogers puts it, the only thing a parent can be sure of handing on to his children today is education. Anything that underwrites that legacy can't help being good.

*Helen Furnas, who has appeared many times in these pages, reports the latest about herself: "Breaking in a new house in the country (Huntington County, N. J.)—a house, which, being severely modern in the middle of a colonial-minded community, is known as 'the chicken-coop.' Raising a bumper crop of tomatoes by mistake—we were too much the city slickers to realize that fifty-four plants produce a tomato landslide." The other half of the "we" is her husband, J. C. Furnas, author of *And Sudden Death*.*

—Suggestions for further reading:

SO YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE

by Clarence E. Lovejoy \$2.50

Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York

CHOOSING A COLLEGE

by John R. Tunis \$2.50

Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., New York

## Latest Paris Creation

**I**N THE DARK days of 1941 irrepressible Parisians are chuckling over the following story:

Six Nazi pilots appear before the Pearly Gates and knock boisterously. St. Peter sizes them up, then asks who they are.

"We are German airmen," says the Nazi with the biggest Iron Cross. "We have been shot down over England. Can we get in?"

Without answering a word the heavenly gatekeeper disappears. Finally he returns, opens up the gate halfway and says: "All right, men! Those two over there may come in!"

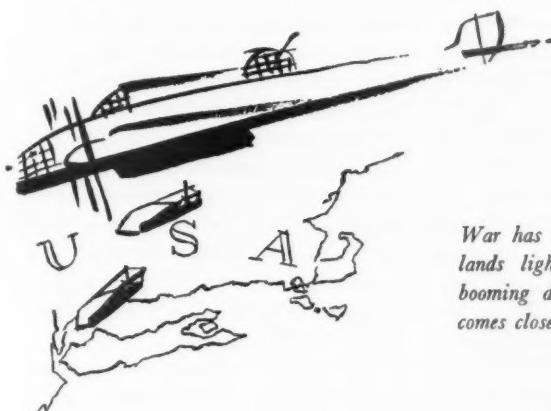
"But we are six," say the Germans. "How about the other four?"

"Sorry, boys," answers the Saint. "According to the communiqué of the German High Command only two pilots were lost over England today. Those two may come in—the other four can go to hell!"

—CHARLES DERRICOTT

## America's Hot Corner

by MICHAEL EVANS



*War has not touched America's midlands lightly save for draftees and booming defense industries — but it comes close to our New England coast*

A MAN FROM the State of Maine will generally tell a stranger the time of day. He may even allow that Aroostock county raises the finest potatoes in the world. But a stranger, particularly a stranger with a foreign accent, would be a long time prying out why that patch of 200 or 300 acres of apparently fine potato land—flat as a table and grubbed clean as the western prairie—is lying fallow and green without sign that a plow has been turned in it all year.

If you called his attention to a cluster of new "farm" buildings off to the edge of the uncultivated patch, chances are his eyes would narrow suspiciously, and the conversation would come to an abrupt close. It might or might not be a coincidence

if, a half hour later, a flint-eyed traffic officer ran you in for "speeding" as you jogged down the highway at an easy 30-miles-an-hour and asked a good many questions before letting you proceed on your journey.

There are other places in New England where you might repeat this experience—certain level valleys encircled by the hills of New Hampshire or Vermont, quiet spots outside the booming factory towns of Massachusetts and back in the fragrant tobacco fields of Connecticut.

The explanation for the glint in the State of Maine man's eyes can be found marked in red crayon on a map that hangs on the rough plaster wall of a none-too-elaborate but bustling office in Washington, D. C.

That map shows the air defense zones of the United States. Blocked off with heavy red lines is Air Defense Zone Number One, the richest enemy prize in the world. This is the rough quadrangle of twenty-two states that is formed by drawing a line from the Atlantic Ocean inland along the northern boundary of the United States west to Detroit, then south to St. Louis and back east to Baltimore. Within those boundary lines lies the pulsating industrial heart of America.

The leading edge of that quadrangle is the northeast coast of the United States. Here is the battlefield where an enemy must be met and smashed if ever he should succeed in crashing the broad wastes of the North Atlantic, the heavy ships of the U. S. fleet and the barrier defenses we are now erecting from Iceland west through Greenland, Newfoundland and Canada's eastern bastions.

Because it is the strategic frontier of America New England is stripping for action. New England has long ago girded herself for actual war.

Day after day Navy trawlers plod along the shipping lanes a few miles offshore, endlessly sweeping for mines. Dingy Navy craft cluster here and there along the shore laying "practice" mines. Destroyers in grey war paint race along the horizon, thick smoke belching from their funnels. In the harbors and waterfront bars rumors fly of submarines and commerce raiders, of night attacks on convoys.

New England lies on the periphery

of war, and the wet Atlantic winds sweep in more than a scent of gunpowder and a rattle of gunfire from embattled Europe. All day and all night planes drone overhead. Some are ferrying north to Canada for the long jump across to Britain. Some are American flying boats on Navy patrol. Some are Army fighters and interceptors climbing into the sun for practice dives on theoretical invading bombers. From New York north to the Bay of Fundy there are few moments in the day that pass without the glint of an airplane's wings flashing across the sky.

There is little joking in New England about war. War is close—maybe as close or closer than in Canada or even across the water in Sweden, Spain or Switzerland.

That is why there is no nonsense about those idle patches of land such as the one in Maine—spotted here and there across the neat New England countryside. Those fallow acres are auxiliary airfields, ready for use at any time by U. S. fighters and bombers with only a few last-minute installations.

Of such preparations as these you will read little in the newspapers. Their details are military defense secrets.

OUT ON PICTURESQUE and slightly artist-stricken Cape Cod there is evidence of another kind of preparation. In a Provincetown bar down by the wharves which caters almost entirely

to fishermen a radio loudspeaker is tuned in constantly to the shortwave band employed by the boats of the cod and mackerel fishing fleets. All day long a steady chatter goes on between the boats and the fish houses on shore—notes on the weather and the run of mackerel over twenty miles of squally sea.

A year ago such conversation by shortwave was rare. The fishing boats, for most part, had no radio telephone equipment. Today these installations are almost universal. The small boats can talk back and forth with the shore through the special marine radio-telephone central exchange at Boston.

But this apparatus was not put in just to enable fishermen to gossip over the day's catch. It was the Navy's idea. It got manufacturers to devise and market a light, cheap, foolproof radio telephone which the fishermen could afford. Then it "suggested" that the fishing boats put the telephones in. The same suggestion was given to owners of private yachts.

Thus a single Navy order can integrate the whole small craft fleet of the Atlantic into the naval defense system. It would be a good guess that the first reports on enemy submarines have already been flashed into naval

reception stations by the cod fish fleet.

But dirty fishing smacks and trim white yachts do not stand alone in this sentinel duty.

Not far from Boston there is a quiet seashore resort to which many families of the back bay have come each summer for years. It is a village of

wide streets, handsome elm trees and white-painted colonial houses set back in well-tended gardens. A half-mile away is the ocean, guarded by a chain of low grass-anchored sand dunes. The space between the town and the dunes is filled with small

summer cottages, weathered and grey from the sun and wind. Set on a ridge of high dunes is a typical station of the U. S. Coast Guard. Two hundred yards or so from the Coast Guard station there is a small hexagonal wooden hut which was built last year in a sandy field just in front of a long row of beach cottages.

Not one in a hundred persons who pass the hut every day to and from the beach gives it a second glance beyond possible notice of a small painted sign which reads: "U. S. Government Property—No Trespassing." Few persons in the little summer town suspect that the little shack is one in a chain of sentinels which constitute



a carefully guarded American defense secret. This hut is one of the new radio-locator stations equipped to detect the approach of both hostile air-planes and ships to U. S. shores. Little can be reported concerning these radio-locator stations except that they are equipped with detection apparatus generally similar to that used in England for the same purpose and that there are many of the stations scattered along the whole Atlantic coast and in other regions exposed to danger of possible attack.

**THE HUB** of New England's air defenses is the Army's great new Northeast Air Base built with considerable secrecy and circumspection at Chicopee Falls, a little Massachusetts town near Springfield, the great arms manufacturing center.

The base cost \$25,000,000 and was rushed to completion in a year's time. It seldom gets into the rotogravure sections, for Westover Field (as it has been christened) and its system of satellite bases, is designed to insure the air safety of New England. Too much publicity might jeopardize that safety. American strategists hope that they will never be forced to fight a battle for air control of the skies over

New England. But they are taking no chances.

For the present the Army's task in Air Defense Zone Number One is, as described by commanding officer Maj. Gen. Herbert A. Dargue, that of "an aerial policeman whose beat extends hundreds of miles into the Atlantic Ocean." It is doubtless the biggest police beat in the world and, if war comes closer to American shores, the most important.

Preparations for land defense of New England, it is fair to say, are far less advanced than those of the air and naval arms. However, the highest priority division of the Army—the famous First Division, which is manned almost entirely by regular enlisted men—is stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. It has had first call over all the rest of the army for tanks, anti-aircraft guns, prime movers and all the rest of the paraphernalia for mechanized war. It has engaged in almost continuous maneuvers, particularly landing operations and beach fighting. This division, almost unique in the entire Army, is ready for instant action.

The Navy, of course, has been on a footing virtually indistinguishable from that of war for many months,

and submarine nets at most points are in place ready for lowering at a word of command to protect important northeastern harbors and bases.

It must be emphasized that no reputable military authority anticipates that an enemy can succeed in reaching our shores in major force in the immediate future. But at the same time they point out that in the last war German submarines operated along the Atlantic coast with ease. U-boats shelled the Massachusetts coast, sowed mines extensively at the mouth of New York harbor, along the coastal shipping lanes and outside Hampton Roads. A score or more American ships, including Naval craft, were sunk within sight of the American coast.

With Germany's extensive system of Atlantic bases it would be easy for U-boats to repeat these operations on a far more extended scale. Nor would it be difficult for the long-range Nazi planes which fly over Iceland to carry out "token" bombings of New England industries.

New England's defense preparations are on a scale which should make these exploits both difficult and dangerous.

Possibly because war is so close to New England and the Northeast there has been little public criticism in this region of the civil defense measures which have gone hand in hand with the actual military precautions of the Army and Navy.

Almost without exception citizens

have cooperated enthusiastically and cheerfully in such enterprises as voluntary blackouts—although one Westchester community last summer postponed a scheduled blackout trial until autumn because so many residents were away at seashore and mountain resorts that authorities thought it would be hard to tell the difference between a blackout and an ordinary night in the town.

POSSIBLY the most far-reaching precaution taken in the Northeast was a quiet test survey made during the summer to determine how many "refugees" from the metropolitan areas of Boston, New York City and the great industrial towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut could be accommodated in time of danger in near-by rural areas.

This is where the "borscht" circuit is expected to play its part in the defense preparations of the Northeast. Summer hotels, hostels, cottages and lodges in the Catskills, Adirondacks, Berkshires, Poconos and White Mountains were found to be capable of absorbing a major share of potential refugees from the seaboard cities.

It would be hard to find anyone in New England who expects such an evacuation will become necessary. But there is equal agreement that any realistic and far-sighted defense program must include such precautions.

New York City, under the spark-plug urging of Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, probably has its war plans

in even more complete state than many New England cities.

Even before his appointment as Civilian Defense Administrator, Mayor LaGuardia had been hammering away at this work. He got a WPA grant for a survey of all vaults and cellars in the city of New York with a view to determining their possible use as air raid shelters. The WPA listed 40,000 underground areas which might be used but reported not more than twenty per cent could be used without extensive reinforcement and major sanitary installations.

Only a small percentage of New York subway stations were found to be bomb-proof. As a result New York is preparing to build the stations of its proposed Second Avenue Subway line in advance of the actual subway. The stations will be deep and bomb-proof.

LaGuardia's preparations have

gone into every field. He has sent New York city firemen to England to study London's bomb fighting systems, he has opened classes to teach firemen to handle incendiaries and clearance of blitz wreckage and he has enrolled large civilian fire-fighting corps.

These preparations—on a smaller scale—have been duplicated in cities like Portland, Boston, Hartford and others along the Northeast coast.

To critics of these programs, officials merely quote Ben Franklin's old maxim: An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

**AMERICA CAN WIN**

by Major Malcom Wheeler-Nicholson

\$1.50

*The Macmillan Company, New York*

**STRATEGY OF THE AMERICAS**

by Fleming MacLiesh

and Cushman Reynolds

\$2.50

*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York*



### **Where the Plot Begins**

A SUCCESSFUL short-story writer tells me he always works on this theory: Suppose a man gets off a street car, enters an office building, waits for an elevator, goes to an upper floor, lets himself into an office, then suddenly rushes across the office and jumps out of the window. Until the man *jumps*, the reader

isn't interested. And not being interested, he doesn't read far enough to learn that the man *does* jump. The story is a failure. But suppose, on the other hand, that in the first sentence of the story the man enters the office *through* the window. Everything he does from then on interests the reader. —FRED C. KELLY

## *Forgotten Mysteries*

 Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

• • • Arthur Train, creator of that immortal fiction character, Ephraim Tutt, tells the following story:

In 1885 Arthur was staying with his mother and father in a ramshackle hotel in New Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs. Train occupied one room and Arthur another. There was a nurse in attendance on the elder Train, who was bedridden but not seriously ill.

Just as Arthur was drifting into sleep, he heard three loud knocks on his father's door. He called to his mother, but she had already opened the door and found no one in the hall.

As Arthur was dozing off again, he heard three more knocks, this time on his own door. The knocks were also heard by both his mother and the nurse. Again the door was quickly opened and the hall found empty.

Returning from the door, Mrs. Train stood a moment by Arthur's bed. Once more the three knocks were heard. Instantly Arthur sprang to the door and jerked it open. The hallway was brilliantly lighted—and empty. There was no place where anyone could hide; there had not been time for a person to take more than a couple of steps.

As Arthur closed the door, the nurse, who was bending over Mr. Train's bed, straightened up. "Your father has just died," she said softly.



• • • In June of 1931 there was a "poltergeist" in the backwoods of Jamaica. Now, the poltergeist, or

playful spirit, is a ghostly legend of all countries. But the Jamaica poltergeist was particularly powerful.

It threw rocks, broke furniture, tore down a wall, tossed straw, put out lamps, kicked people and generally expended a terrific amount of psychic power. The poltergeist centered about the home of a school teacher in Roehampton, a town in the St. James Parish. Two persons lived in the house, Miss Johnson, the school teacher, and a fourteen-year-old girl named Muriel McDonald.

Joseph J. Williams, professor of cultural anthropology at Boston College, investigated the case, found the phenomena apparently genuine.

Muriel McDonald told a strange story. Yes, she knew that a "spirit" was acting through her and causing the disturbance. She knew it, because she had often seen the spirit. It was a tall, lean man in white. Once she had sent her dog after it, but it had vanished.

Another time she had seen it outside Miss Johnson's door, "cringing and weeping." A weeping spirit that played jokes, this Pagliacci of phantoms.



• • • Conventional history contains more than passing mention of Carl Schurz, German-American statesman, in whom liberty was a religion and freedom a passion. But conven-

tional history has no place for the following story:

In 1866 Schurz, then on his way to Washington, at the summons of President Johnson, stopped to visit one Mr. Tiedemann in Philadelphia. The Tiedemanns had three daughters, one of whom had developed a faculty for so-called "automatic writing."

To while away the evening, they suggested that Schurz ask the girl for a message. At once her pen began to move. Schurz was told that President Johnson was about to send him on an important mission. It was further stated that Schurz was later to be elected to the Senate from Missouri.

Schurz was mildly amused at the proceedings. He was certain that he would never be elected to the Senate from Missouri; his home was in Wisconsin, and he was violently opposed to changing his residence. Moreover, he knew that Johnson had called him to Washington merely to talk over a letter which Schurz had recently sent to the President.

But Johnson did send Schurz on an extended diplomatic mission, and Schurz was later elected to the Senate from Missouri, having moved to St. Louis at the end of 1868.

Only on election night did he remember the strange little scene at Philadelphia. He was so impressed that he personally checked the statements of all the witnesses and carefully recorded the entire incident in his memoirs.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

*The story of what happens to the money you contribute to the Red Cross is as exciting as it is gratifying. Here is the record up to date*



## **Samaritans Under Fire**

by ISHBEL ROSS

**I**N A WORLD where brutalitarian forces run riot the Red Cross still functions smoothly and ably, its efforts fanned to new proportions in a year of flight, evacuation, fire, bombing and death.

Founded to meet the swift rush of disaster, it was uniquely equipped to slip into action with the armaments of mercy. Although a number of its sixty-three societies have been steamrollered out of existence behind the blank walls of totalitarian rule, the American Red Cross still manages to pour a constant stream of money and supplies into ravaged areas.

Every channel of the Red Cross is today functioning at high pressure. Within a few hours after Poland was invaded the American Red Cross had spread its wings of mercy abroad and the tempo has risen steadily ever since.

When Hitler moved into the Low Countries and France, supplies were quickly mobilized both here and abroad for the evacuees, and by Sep-

tember first, \$7,000,000 worth of relief had helped to temper the appalling misery and confusion abroad. There was no time to stop and consider method when millions took to the roads with little more than the clothes on their backs. Results were needed. Red Cross money bought up French stoves on the spot to install in the barns and shelters in which refugees huddled. When Greece needed ambulances in a hurry, the American Red Cross cabled the British Red Cross the money to provide twenty-five from a Near East station.

Flour, condensed and powdered milk, layettes, sweaters, trucks, station wagons and ever-precious drugs, including sulfanilamide and vitamins, have filled up every cranny of each mercy ship to leave. These mercy ships fly the Red Cross flag and, granted immunity by all of the belligerents, have carried vast quantities of food stuffs to France and Spain. Milk

and bread and medicine have been made available to millions of starving children in these two nations. For the more concentrated essences of modern relief—drugs, vaccines, toxoids and the vitamin tablets designed to stave off some of the deficiency diseases of the last war—space has been used repeatedly on the Clipper planes.

ANOTHER humanitarian act of the Red Cross has been sending prisoners of war in Germany packages of food and of clothing. These are distributed to British, Polish, French, Belgian and Yugoslav prisoners, held in German camps. Our citizens who wish to participate in this act of mercy may do so by sending \$2.75 to the Red Cross to pay for one of the food boxes.

All told, the relief record of the American Red Cross in dollars and cents up to June 30, 1941, for these dramatic months when security was ripped away from millions of Europeans, has totaled \$46,500,000. Of this sum \$22,000,000 came from Red Cross War Relief funds and includes garments knitted and sewed in Red Cross chapters all over the nation of a value of \$9,700,000. From the government appropriation the Red Cross has distributed \$24,500,000 worth of relief in Europe and the Orient. In human values this record is one of emergency repair, backed by the best efforts of science. It means that the bereft, dazed by their plight, are being fed, clothed and started anew on their valiant battle for existence.

Scores of letters, silhouetting the tragedy of shattered lives, find their way into the Red Cross files every day from recipients of its aid. A typical one from London reads:

"I am writing to thank you for the parcel of baby clothing given to my wife by the American Red Cross. We were one of the unfortunate families to be bombed out, losing everything. But we thank God we came out alive—including our boy, two years old and the baby, nineteen days old. My wife is recovering from the shock and is getting along fine; so is the baby and our boy."

As a matter of interest, it might be pointed out that 251,835 layettes have been shipped to date, a minor item in a staggering list of supplies, yet one that emerges time and again in the grateful letters of the stranded. The first layette delivered went to the young widow of a soldier who was killed instantly while home on leave, helping a policeman during a raid. The baby, born a fortnight later, thus started life in an American layette.

OVER 15,000,000 garments have been sent to Great Britain alone, and thousands of English men, women, boys and girls carry on their lives today in these American clothes. They have written letters of appreciation which arrive at Red Cross headquarters in great bundles by Clipper, by State Department Courier and by ship mail. "We have only what we stood up in," is the most familiar line

in all of these letters. Many find amusement in different American styles, and many add their thanks for the clothes, and thanks also for the American airplanes, guns and tanks.

A small Scotch lad resented a gift of American soap, but a playmate wrote of his delight in the fact that the soap floated while British soap went right to the bottom of the tub. Typical of the letters from the children is the following: "Thank you for the coat. It is a very nice coat—it is a blue coat with a blue stripe. It has got elastic round the sleeves and round the waist. It has got five buttons. It has got a hanger to hang it up. I wear it to school. I will try to make it last a long time."

Many French children also have written letters, none more touching than this one which bore sixty-eight children's names: "To all the little children of America: We are little children of France; we live in a small village of Provence. Every day we have an 'afternoon tea' with the good milk you sent us. It's a real feast, and we thank you with all our hearts. Receive the kisses of little pupils of the Nursery School of Jonquieres."

THE MEDICAL END, of course, is still of paramount importance to the Red Cross. Quantities of equipment have been donated to the British Red Cross for distribution among hospitals and public health agencies. Ambulances, field kitchens, hospital garments, drugs, surgical dressings and a million

blankets have arrived in a steady stream, to be used where they do the most good.

Two new activities taken on by the Red Cross to meet exigencies created by this war are aid to stranded Americans abroad and an inquiry service for families of foreign extraction who are frantically trying to trace relatives lost in the dark fogs of Europe. At the outbreak of the war, thousands of students, artists and expatriates of all kinds had to pick up and return home penniless, leaving all their possessions behind them. The Red Cross chapters helped thousands of these native refugees upon their arrival, staked them to lodgings, gave them railroad fare home and in some cases rehabilitated whole families.

In the past the Red Cross has traced war prisoners, but never civilians. Now, however, its Foreign Inquiry Service spreads a network which reaches even through enemy lines, so that some meagre word can filter through. The message may be one of death, imprisonment or other disaster. Often there is just silence. When Poland was invaded, for instance, the New York Chapter of the Red Cross was swamped by anxious relatives, clamoring for word of their families in ruined cities. Linguists were needed to deal with this bedlam. The candidates ranged all the way from a Balkan princess to a Greek cab driver.

Since then a large corps of interpreters has coped with each wave of

inquiries, as country after country has lost its identity under the sign of the swastika. So far 82,390 inquiries have been sent from America to the International Red Cross at Geneva, and 49,586 replies have been relayed back from forty-five countries, including Africa, Palestine, Malta and Egypt.

Standard forms are sent abroad and redistributed from Geneva. Occasionally, the person inquired for writes on the back that he is alive and well. Or perhaps he tries to convey in ambiguous language what has happened to him. When two months elapse and no trace of the missing person is found, a report is sent back that the search will be continued. Then silence closes down.

INQUIRIES from America, though, account for only a fraction of the appeals that swamp the offices of the Red Cross in the Palais du Conseil General at Geneva.

This has become a clearing house of desperate human anxiety for people of many races, all turning to the neutral emblem of the Red Cross in their distress. Colonel Edouard Chapuisat, a member of the International Committee, estimates an average of from 60,000 to 100,000 letters arrive each day with poignant requests for information about lost relatives. By October, the names of 5,000,000 families were filed on record. Of these, some sort of information has been forthcoming on about 30,000 families who were virtually lost behind the curtain

of censorship. Housewives, students, doctors, lawyers, business and professional men of all kinds work from eight in the morning until midnight. Resources of the International Committee are taxed to the utmost by this work, although there was some preliminary training during the Spanish War, when 6,000,000 letters were delivered via the Red Cross.

The Committee has its own delegates who visit the prisoners in various camps. All its members are Swiss. In each case a spokesman is elected by the other prisoners, and through him a thin link of communication is maintained. Packages of food are distributed under strict control.

This, then, is how the neutral body of the Red Cross is still fulfilling its mission under the Treaty of Geneva "for the relief of suffering by war, pestilence, famine, flood, fires and other calamities of sufficient magnitude to be deemed national in extent."

It is one treaty, at least, that the dictators have failed to annul.

*Ishbel Ross was born in Scotland, began her newspaper career in Canada and went on to greater glory as a star reporter for the New York Herald-Tribune. She has written five novels and two works of non-fiction.*

—Suggestions for further reading:

PIONEERING WITH THE RED CROSS

by Ernest P. Bicknell \$2.00  
*The Macmillan Company, New York*

DISASTER FIGHTERS

by Fairfax Downey \$3.00  
*G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York*

LET THERE BE MERCY

by John Maloney \$3.00  
*Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York*





## *Coronet Picture Story:*

### ***This Is New York***

This is New York—Manhattan—the largest city in the world—seen as it has never before been seen. For when Robin Carson, of Three Lions Inc., first approached Coronet with his amazing photographs—the result of several years of patient poking about in the great city of New York—he established a base upon which has been built the most vivid, colorful

and action-packed collection of pictures ever made of an American city. Now, in its final form, with supplementary shots by such competent camera artists as Constance Phillips, Jerry Cook, Knopf, Carswell, Fritz Henle and Nelson Morris, *This Is New York* looks right into the heart of the city—takes it apart as some scientist might—to see what makes it tick . . .





*This is New York as the casual observer sees it—a city of buildings, bridges, towers, tunnels, sidewalks, superstructures, streets. A maze of angles.*



of glass and stone

—of steel

—concrete

udio C  
ntry st



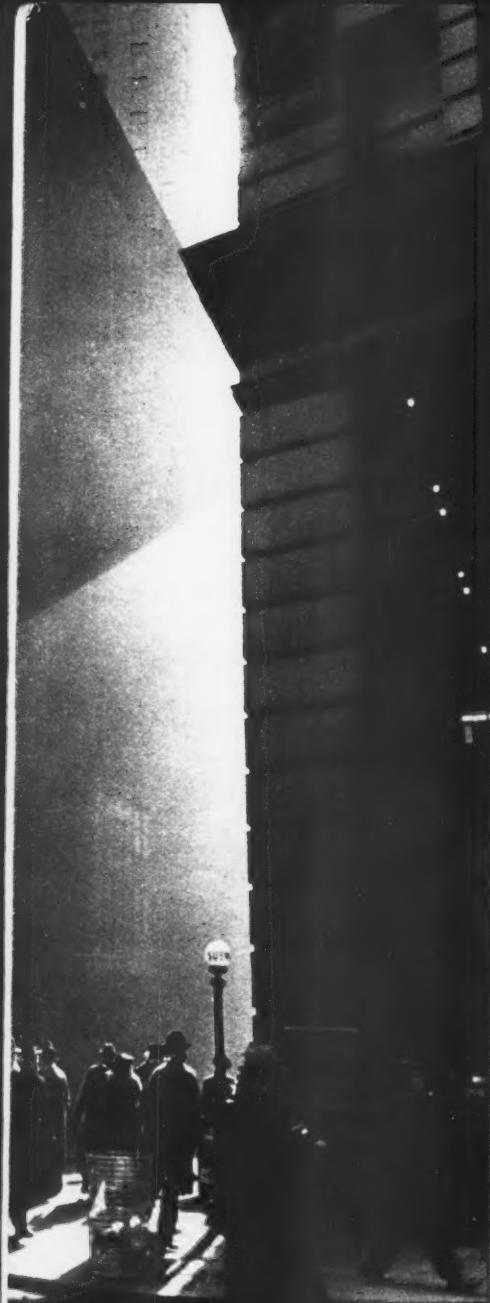
*which has grown, in time, into the greatest city man has known—outwardly, at first, for as far as the eye could see—and then upward into the clouds.*



*radio City,  
nny stories*

*—Chrysler Building,  
eighty!*

*—and finally, the tallest of them all—the Empire State, towering more than one hundred stories above the crowds below*



*where at street level each day  
an endless stream of people*



*issues forth from the  
city's many terminals*



*to compete for their daily bread  
Wall Street, where a man can se  
million cows by picking up a ph*



*Midtown—people rushing through the hours of the day—reminding us that it is later than we think. Time and movement everywhere—a rhythm accented by rumbling trolleys—*



*clicking heels on sidewalks—buses honking—the same everywhere—on Fifth Avenue—Times Square—the tempo of New York hurries into the night—*



*when its people play. On Broadway, Fifty-Second Street, in Harlem, the Village—people scramble madly, search wildly for relaxation.*



*Some go to see the girls*



*—and flashing heels and silk stockings.*



*Others wine and dine—surrounded by music, lights and dancing.*



*But whatever it may be that they seek—burlesque or cover charges—New York has everything to fit its people's pocket-book*



*—even to where they live.*

***But this is where New York sheds its tinsel and reveals itself as  
it really lives behind the swift tempo of time and movement—  
behind the mask of the brownstone front***





*— behind the graystones and the tenements — into the backyards  
of New York, which the casual observer seldom sees.*



*Here is the inner city where seven millions raise their young*



*into healthy citizens of tomorrow*



*where they gossip*



*squabble*

*When*



*shop each day for their daily bread.*



*Where they pause for meditation*

*rest*



*romance*



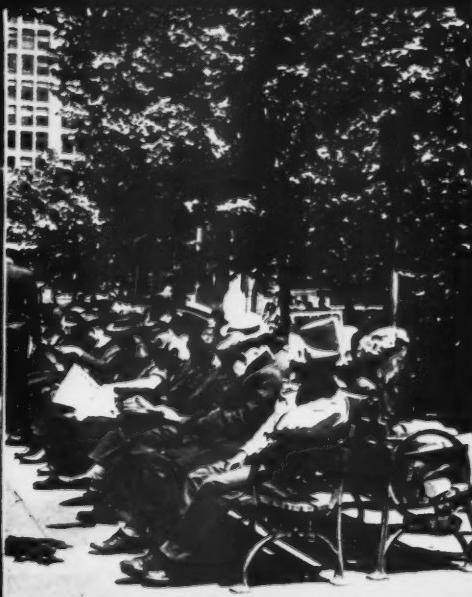
*or what have you.*



*Where they seek employment, too—waitresses, riveters, actors, truckers, cabbies. Where it's not how many thousands per year they make that counts but how many cents per hour or per day.*



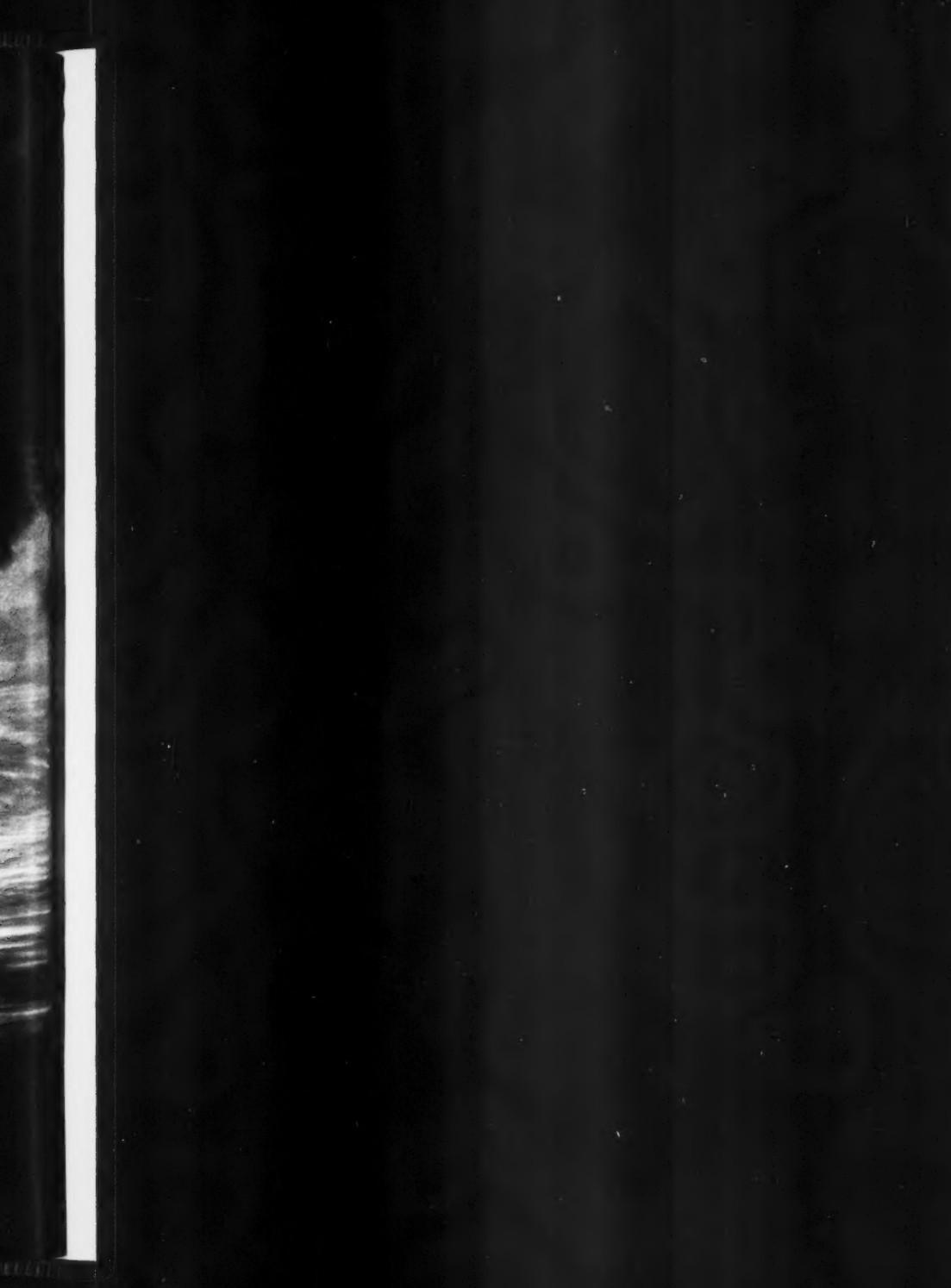
*So this is the heart of New York—the inner city beyond the brownstone fronts which empties its people, for all to see, into Central Park—the great melting pot where nursemaids,*



*housewives, society and bums—all walk or sit or stand or lie.*



*You cannot see the real New York by passing through—or looking down. For it's a city where seven millions live. To know it, one must know its people—for they are the real New York.*





*Seeing is believing, runs the old adage—  
and therein lies the secret of modern military  
propaganda. For the camera lies like hell!*



## ***Liars in Celluloid***

by HOWARD WHITMAN

ONE PICTURE is equal to ten thousand bullets, Confucius might have said. And today the makers of modern war have made the lens and shutter as integral a part of no-man's-land as the bayonet and hand grenade.

For modern war involves salesmanship. And they sell it with pictures.

"Press Soldiers," as the Nazis call them, are a vital part of their design for conquest. As with parachute troops, tank divisions and dive bombers, Hitler got off to a head start in developing them into formidable facets of his war machine. When Britain was still recruiting newspaper cameramen to string along with the armed forces as official cameramen, Hitler was already chuckling over the hot negatives his press soldiers were pouring back from every front in Europe.

Ever since his beerhall days, Hitler has banked heavily upon the credulity of the masses. He has gambled recklessly with the willingness of people to

believe that which is often repeated, which harks back to an old truth or half-truth. In the case of war pictures, the old fox is depending upon the trite, but perfectly human belief that the camera doesn't lie. If he can show the world something in black and white, the world will be convinced. That's his argument. In conquest, as in house-painting, seeing is believing.

The only trouble is that the camera lies like hell!

Last Spring, flashed by radio from Berlin, came an impressive picture of masses of deadly German bombers cruising at their ease over acres of "oil storage tanks in England," apparently waiting for the signal to blast the tanks to Kingdom Come. William J. White, picture editor of the New York *Daily News*, viewed the photo quizzically when it reached his desk. White decided to check up.

From the voluminous picture files in the *News* library he unearthed an identical picture, line for line, shadow

for shadow. It had been radioed to America by the Nazis in the Spring of 1940, a full year before—except that on that occasion the bombers were winging their way over "oil storage tanks in France." A bit of German presto-chango.

Not long ago Berlin released a series of pictures purporting to show the sinking of a British sailing vessel. Crowing captions described the various stages in the sinking, ending with: "This is the end—the bubbling ship sinks into the deep. It shares the fate of all ships which are of service to the enemy of the new order."

Almost by accident it was discovered that the pictures were exact duplicates of photos which appeared in a romantic book about Count Felix von Luckner, the German Sea Devil, many years ago. Spar for spar and sail for sail, the boats in the two sets of pictures were identical. An editor who happened to be reading about Count von Luckner at the time, made the discovery.

ONCE IN A while Hitler's camera warriors turn on too much blitz and get ahead of the rest of the war. There was slight embarrassment last summer when pictures of the capture of Tarnopol, in Russian Poland, were flashed to America long before a

single Nazi had set foot in the city or a single Russian evacuated it. It seems Herr Goebbels was sticking rigidly to the so-called Nazi "time-table" while Hitler—on account of a bunch of "fanatical" Russians—was forced to lag a little.

After the outbreak of war, the Nazis were so anxious to tell the rest of the world that the liner *Bremen* was safe in Murmansk that they radioed a picture of the vessel "safely in port with the crew saluting and the band playing on deck." But meticulous comparison showed that the picture came from a negative made in New York Harbor when the *Bremen* sailed for home on August 30, 1939.

*A young man still in his late twenties, Howard Whitman manages to find time off enough from his duties on the staff of the New York Daily News to write fast-moving articles like this one for the Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Good Housekeeping—and, of course, Coronet. If you enjoy Liars in Celuloid, you'll be glad to learn that next month Coronet will feature a new Whitman article—one that is destined to make more than one American city sit up and take notice!*

All this is not to say that every Berlin war picture is a fake. Certainly there have been hundreds of legitimate pictures snapped by Nazi Press Soldiers, and the fact that a number of these camera gladiators have been killed in action indicates that they were really at the front. When all goes well with the Nazis, the camera is permitted to tell the truth. But any time the negatives show Deutschland *under Alles*, the press soldiers have their sleight-of-hand to fall back on.

Until Germany invaded Russia, the Soviet was a blank negative as far as picture coverage was concerned.

American newsreel companies could never get permission to keep a man in Russia, and newspaper photographers were allowed into the enigmatic country only for special assignments, during which they were carefully chaperoned. It was impossible to get anything out of Red Russia other than polite portraits of the Kremlin at twilight or a bunch of husky girls in gym suits doing calisthenics.

TRUE, three years ago, Stalin did make an offer to U.S. newsreel companies allowing them to place cameramen in Russia. But there was a string or two tied to the offer, to wit: they would have to hire Russian cameramen, and Russia would decide their salaries and the assignments to be covered.

In addition to this, no pictures would be released without full government censorship. So Russia remained an unphotographed, unknown quantity.

Then came the German invasion. After a few days, when picture agencies were tearing their hair to get Russian photos, a surprise message came to R.C.A. out of silent Russia: "Stand by for radio transmission of

photos." The surprise was all the greater since it was thought Russia had nary a piece of radio picture apparatus.

On July 8, while R.C.A. officials held their breaths, Russia's first test transmissions came through — three very good pictures from the war front. For two weeks test transmissions continued, after which pictures began arriving regularly at the rate of five to ten a day. Received by Press Wireless at Hicksville, Long Island, they were rushed into New York and delivered to a plumpish, apple-cheeked redhead named Helen Black.

Head of an agency called Sovfoto, Miss Black, who has a two-by-four office on Forty-second Street, is in charge of all distribution of official Soviet pictures in America. For ten years she has received nothing but propaganda drivel from Moscow. Today her little office is one of the busiest beehives in New York.

Russian cameras may lie just as Nazi cameras do, but up to this writing there is slim evidence to go by. Only one Moscow radiophoto has been seriously challenged. A New York picture connoisseur charged that a shot of a "Moscow apartment house"



with one side completely sliced off by a bomb was actually the Hotel California after the San Diego earthquake of 1925.

IT IS STRANGE irony in the picture-making business that during peacetime the business is fraught with more drama than during war. War means officialdom, censorship, restricted movements. Germany has long since escorted all American cameramen across the border. Russia, as we have seen, handles all pictures through official agencies. Japan is a complete blank.

In France a few straggling American cameramen are still left, but Vichy sees to it that they take only the Bastille Day celebration, the arrival and departure of American dignitaries or the Quakers doling out food to children.

England, for \$120 a month, supplies a Ministry of Information picture service to various agencies. This offers official pictures taken by cameramen recruited into the army as first lieutenants and escorted to scenes of action considered propagandaworthy. Anything which civilian cameramen, British or American, take individually must be stringently censored. Thus, for every batch of hot photos that goes into the censorship mill, a few emaciated lukewarm ones come out.

But censorship is not sheer cussedness. And it is important. France learned a bitter lesson before its down-

fall when it permitted cameramen to photograph a large concentration of French troops quartered in a small country town. There was no mention of the town's name and, seemingly, there was nothing in the pictures to identify it. Yet one of the pictures, reproduced in a French newspaper, got back to Germany and, within forty-eight hours, the little French town was bombed to smithereens. The Germans, it was later learned, had identified the town by an inconspicuous church steeple which showed up in the background of the picture.

BEFORE Europe's war got too hot to handle, a few American cameramen managed to scoot about between the bullets making pictures. Sammy Schulman, pudgy pictureman for International News Photos, was on the Finnish front during the winter of 1939-40.

On one occasion when he had to run wildly for shelter from Russian bombers, the only shelter in sight was a wrecked Soviet tank column. He scrambled atop one of the smashed tanks and dropped down through the turret, finding himself in the company of four dead but thoroughly harmless Red soldiers. To keep his nerve he held a rather one-sided conversation with them until the bombers passed.

Eric Calcraft of Acme was also on the Finnish front, working with two cameras. He had to tuck them under his heavy coat, alternately, to keep the mechanisms from freezing. How-

ever he forgot about his own personal lenses, and froze his eyelids, leaving the front in an ambulance. Far different was this from the plight of A.P.'s Joe Caneva, who, following Mussolini's legions on a donkey during the Ethiopian War, found that he couldn't develop any pictures in the daytime because the negatives would melt from the heat.

Among the many cameramen who had to walk out on the war because officialdom made it impossible to work, was Norman Alley, newsreeler who took the famous Panay pictures in December, 1937. Also in America is George Krainukov, Russian newsreeler who came to New York last summer to seek American citizenship. He still thinks his closest escape was in Fukien Province, China, a few years ago when he was captured by bandits. Knowing that Chinese bandits have a habit of torturing honorable strangers, Krainukov engaged his captors in a drinking contest, finally drinking them under the

table and escaping under cover of darkness, drunk but happy.

Still grinding out newsreels in the Far East are Arthur Menken, Paramount's ace photographer, and the exotic Chinese cameraman, H. S. (Newsreel) Wong. It was Wong who took the famous picture of a Chinese baby sitting alone and crying on the platform of a badly bombed railway station in Shanghai. China considered that one picture almost as valuable as a Washington loan.

Yes, in days of war, pictures are vital. For pictures have a lot to do with what people think. And what people think has great influence on what people do.

Which, after all, is what determines the fortunes of war.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

1 WITNESS

by Norman Alley \$2.75  
Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York

JIMMY HARE, NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER

by Cecil Carnes \$3.00  
The Macmillan Company, New York

### ***The Prayer that Bounced***

AT THE end of the examination, the students were required to sign a pledge stating that they had neither given nor received aid during the examination. A rather dull looking boy lingered after the other students had left the room. He confessed to the teacher that

he did not know if he could truthfully sign the pledge, since he had prayed to the Lord to assist him in the examination, and he did not know whether his prayers were answered. The amused teacher looked the paper over and said: "I think you can sign." —JAMES McBRYDE



*Fifty questions that will afford you a brief but hectic workout with words*

## ***The Game of Antonyms***

**A**NTONYMS ARE words of opposite meaning—as, for example, good and bad. This quiz is composed of fifty sets of antonyms; but the catch is that there are other words mixed in with them as decoys. Thus, your task is to select from each group of four words the two you consider most

nearly opposite in meaning. If, therefore, you think that “alert” is the opposite of “bellicose,” your answer to the first question will be “c d.”

Count two points for each correct answer. A fair score is 60 or over; 70 is a good score and 80 or over is excellent. Answers are on page 156.

1. (a) sluggish, (b) bestial, (c) alert, (d) bellicose.
2. (a) juvenile, (b) slim, (c) corpulent, (d) energetic.
3. (a) despise, (b) predict, (c) esteem, (d) distract.
4. (a) martinet, (b) bumpkin, (c) marionette, (d) cosmopolite.
5. (a) indigent, (b) opulent, (c) avaricious, (d) spiteful.
6. (a) dissolute, (b) placid, (c) mystic, (d) turbulent.
7. (a) pitfall, (b) mogul, (c) steppe, (d) haven.
8. (a) activate, (b) disperse, (c) convene, (d) banish.
9. (a) nadir, (b) ruse, (c) assent, (d) zenith.
10. (a) amplify, (b) debilitate, (c) concede, (d) fortify.

11. (a) heterogeneous, (b) octagonal, (c) homogeneous, (d) homeopathic.
12. (a) malevolent, (b) inarticulate, (c) eloquent, (d) chaotic.
13. (a) urban, (b) gregarious, (c) bucolic, (d) uxorious.
14. (a) mild, (b) decorous, (c) ambivalent, (d) stringent.
15. (a) discordant, (b) impeccable, (c) distraught, (d) poised.
16. (a) cartographer, (b) escapist, (c) humanitarian, (d) misanthrope.
17. (a) extraordinary, (b) precocious, (c) precarious, (d) prosaic.
18. (a) exigency, (b) ingress, (c) exit, (d) foyer.
19. (a) sophisticated, (b) enervated, (c) ingenuous, (d) ingenious.
20. (a) hearth, (b) apogee, (c) paradise, (d) inferno.
21. (a) accelerate, (b) retard, (c) declaim, (d) accentuate.
22. (a) antagonistic, (b) obscene, (c) salacious, (d) conciliatory.
23. (a) conserve, (b) allege, (c) dissipate, (d) enunciate.
24. (a) mandate, (b) articulation, (c) dearth, (d) abundance.
25. (a) devout, (b) envious, (c) atheistic, (d) studious.
26. (a) felicity, (b) deprivation, (c) facility, (d) despair.
27. (a) acrid, (b) esoteric, (c) common, (d) foreign.
28. (a) clarity, (b) redundancy, (c) rotundity, (d) ambiguity.
29. (a) temerity, (b) truculence, (c) abstruseness, (d) diffidence.
30. (a) resultant, (b) haphazard, (c) meretricious, (d) meticulous.
31. (a) wily, (b) despotic, (c) captious, (d) fatuous.
32. (a) stimulate, (b) deviate, (c) stultify, (d) prevaricate.
33. (a) penurious, (b) usurious, (c) extravagant, (d) recessive.
34. (a) obese, (b) obdurate, (c) co-operative, (d) fragile.
35. (a) impertinent, (b) devious, (c) direct, (d) putative.
36. (a) saturnine, (b) slatternly, (c) atrocious, (d) mercurial.
37. (a) prehensile, (b) tempestuous, (c) tenacious, (d) halcyon.
38. (a) libertine, (b) bibliographer, (c) ascetic, (d) aesthete.
39. (a) communicate, (b) obstruct, (c) levitate, (d) facilitate.
40. (a) veracious, (b) avaricious, (c) credulous, (d) mendacious.
41. (a) ephemeral, (b) effeminate, (c) impetuous, (d) permanent.
42. (a) levity, (b) clergy, (c) euphemism, (d) laity.
43. (a) peccadillo, (b) paragon, (c) rapsocallion, (d) poetaster.
44. (a) celestial, (b) transcendental, (c) morbid, (d) terrestrial.
45. (a) obsequious, (b) inconsolable, (c) artificial, (d) insolent.
46. (a) transparent, (b) mucilaginous, (c) opaque, (d) redundant.
47. (a) resuscitate, (b) bolt, (c) attest, (d) masticate.
48. (a) cabalistic, (b) martial, (c) bulbous, (d) pacific.
49. (a) wan, (b) malodorous, (c) ruddy, (d) vertiginous.
50. (a) extirpate, (b) originate, (c) coagulate, (d) simulate.

*Parents and future parents should welcome equally these few simple, proven rules from this leading authority on child-behavior*



## **Formula for Beautiful Children**

by CONSTANCE J. FOSTER

ONLY RECENTLY has the word "attractive" in connection with children become thoroughly respectable in learned circles. Yet actually there would be fewer behavior problems if every child were serenely conscious of being pleasing to the eyes.

Today experience is forcing us to reverse the old proverb so that it reads, "Be happy, and you'll be good." And what surer way to be happy than to know that you merit an admiring glance from the world?

Don't vainly imagine for one moment that our youngsters aren't conscious of their appearances. I knew a toddler of eighteen months who suffered from a facial deformity and used to run and hide in a closet when callers came to see his mother. And another deformed child of less than two burst into tears whenever she caught sight of herself in a mirror.

It is during childhood that we are probably more in need of an ego build-up than at any other time of

our lives. Surrounded by bigger and stronger individuals than himself, with even chairs and tables looming high above his head, the child needs the warm security of feeling some sense of self-importance. The parent is not fostering vanity but encouraging a wholesome self-respect when he comments on the pretty color of Mary's hair or the nice shape of young Bill's ears.

Nagging and criticism pay no dividends in child rearing. And conversely, praise and approval do pleasant things for young faces and dispositions. Perhaps the first rule for raising handsome sons and beautiful daughters is this one:

Never mention in the child's presence, no matter how young he may be, any feature or physical characteristic that you feel detracts from his appearance.

If Bill inherits the slightly protuberant eyes that are a family trait on your husband's side of the family,

keep this disappointment to yourself. If Sally looks a bit like your plain Aunt Maria who never married, don't relegate the child to spinsterhood from the start by groaning about it.

On the other hand, here is a positive rule to follow: *Do* make a careful study of your offspring and determine his or her *best* points. Then stress these from the start. Make capital of them. This does more good than any amount of anti-wrinkle creams in later life.

As a case in point take Lois. She was a rather colorless, mousy child but she had a real cameo profile. Even as a tiny baby her features were clearly defined instead of running together over the face like most newborns. Her mother might have spent her time bewailing her small daughter's straight, drab-colored hair and rather pallid coloring. Instead she found an unusual and becoming hairstyle and kept the long locks brushed to a glow that made the curly-headed youngsters look ordinary in comparison.

When she was six Lois was given a valuable cameo pin—a family heirloom—and she grew up identifying herself with the lovely lady of the brooch.

Her clothes were always carefully chosen to suit her personality—all good, classic models that suit the girl

who hates imitations and loves the best in lines, fabrics and jewelry.

Recently a neighbor watched Lois walk down the street one morning on her way to school.

"That girl is going places," she said. "She carries herself as if she took it for granted that life would always be kind to her. She just naturally expects nice things to happen to her, and I'll bet they do."

I'll bet they do, too. Why? Because a wise mother helped a potentially drab child to achieve that metamorphosis from grub into butterfly which people have come to call beauty.

Or take a look at Jim for the masculine slant on the same problem. It was apparent rather early that he was going to be short. The tragedy was all the more poignant, because Jim's father was a tall, strapping figure

of a man who had counted on having his only son follow him to West Point. He might easily have warped the boy's life by making him feel that he was a disappointment. Instead, he and Jim's mother got together on a sensible program which considered the boy's best interests rather than their feelings.

Jim's abnormal shortness was never mentioned. His size was taken matter-of-factly for granted by the family. But Jim's father saw to it that the boy

received boxing and jiu-jitsu lessons, so that he was always a match for boys twice his size. He knew how cruel the younger generation can be to the pint-sized members who can't hold their own in the schoolyard brawls. A bigger boy seldom came back twice for Jim's punishment!

Jim's father pitched balls for him until he was first choice of all the local teams. The boy was taught to excel at sports in which his size was not a handicap. Jim held his head high, carried himself well, and today his boss sends him out to crack all the nuts the taller and more impressive salesmen find too difficult.

So *do* stress your child's assets and minimize his liabilities. If your daughter has to wear glasses, never moan about the fact in her hearing. Instead point out a few tired-eyed middle-aged women whose vanity has foolishly prevented them from visiting an oculist. Rested eyes, behind glasses, are infinitely more attractive than blood-shot ones that squint and etch lines in foreheads.

Compensate for the spectacles by choosing a becoming hair-do, hats with slight brims and clothes with really good lines. Steer a firm course away from bows, frills and flounces. Many mothers mistakenly count on fluffy-ruffles to emphasize the child's femininity and take the cuss off the hated lens. They don't. On the contrary they make the spectacles stand out like a sore thumb.

Know your particular child's type.

Is she the gamin, the dramatic, the patrician or the coquette? Cast wishful thinking in the discard. If she turns out to be a tomboy, for goodness sake accept her for what she is! Braid her hair in pigtails, dress her in faded denim shorts and let her climb the apple tree.

Nature runs true to type and so do children. Thwart their real selves, and it's as dangerous as trying to turn a left-handed youngster into a right-handed one. Emotional neuroses make for whines, scowls, sullenness and strained faces.

**THE DAY-OLD** baby is not too young to receive the sound psychological care that is the primary foundation for good looks and physical attractiveness. It is a severe shock just to be born. An infant suddenly must learn to breathe for himself, to labor to satisfy his appetite and to accustom himself to light, people and noise. All in all some severe demands are made upon his sensitive nervous system.

Colic is frequently the result, and the colicky baby starts life with a good-looks handicap. If you don't believe it, contrast the expression on the face of a placid, well-nourished baby with the drawn, strained look of the infant with colic. Pain takes its toll.

The secret lies in handling the new baby as little as possible and surrounding him with serenity.

Change the young baby's position frequently. This helps him to develop

symmetrically and molds the head evenly. Remember that he cannot turn over himself at this stage and is entirely dependent on your thoughtfulness. Keep a roll of padding at the foot of the crib or carriage to lift the pressure of the blankets off unformed young feet that need room to stretch if they are to develop normally.

And do give a thought to ears! Don't crumple them under a bonnet or lay the baby down so that they are folded under his head. The delicate cartilage is in a formative state and needs gentle, persuasive care unless you want an offspring whose ears flap like sails in the breezes. A strip of adhesive, taped from the lobe of the ear to the back of the neck, will do wonders for really stubborn cases.

Sun, fresh air and sleep are all grand beauty tonics which most modern mothers apply faithfully. Medical science today can guard against the crippling effects of many childish diseases by means of the preventive serums and inoculations.

But science has a number of new safeguards to offer the parent who wants to do a thorough job.

DO YOU KNOW that your baby can be protected, before he is even born, against many disfiguring conditions such as rickets, allergies, syphilis and certain of the contagious diseases when there is reason to suppose that any of these may threaten him? The method consists of treating the mother.

Reconstructive surgery, including

both plastic and orthopedic, is prepared today to normalize most of the congenital deformities that once stamped a child for life as "queer" or "different." The point to remember is that such operations should be performed at the earliest possible moment. Harelip is now frequently repaired by a very simple operation within *twenty-four hours after birth!*

The new growth hormone treatment, administered before the long bones have closed at their growing points, is adding several inches to the eventual height of boys who might otherwise have been doomed to be nicknamed "Shorty" or "Runt." These pituitary hormones are potent medicine, however, and must be given by a qualified physician only after he has studied the case thoroughly.

There is now an appropriate technique for removing or fading almost all types of disfiguring birthmarks and moles, including hairy ones. Bleaching with carbon dioxide snow (dry ice), the injection of a mixture of drugs, x-ray and radium treatment, electrolysis or surgery are employed, depending upon the requirements of the individual case. But such methods are safe only in the hands of an experienced dermatologist — permanent scarring that is much worse than the original blemish may otherwise result.

Plastic surgery has made remarkable strides in recent years. Maybe only God can make a tree but the plastic surgeon can certainly improve on some faces! Eyes can be widened

and made a pure oval, lips can be shortened or lengthened and noses changed to any shape consistent with a nice profile. Severe scars are repaired either by skin grafts or by tubed rolls, migrated from other parts of the body.

Perhaps orthodontia is the only beauty treatment your child requires. Straight, evenly spaced teeth add not only to appearances but to health and long life. Modern appliances used in straightening teeth are light, comfortable and unobtrusive—and your child will thank you later.

The adolescent who has been conditioned from childhood to give regular attention to hair, nails and skin has a head-start just when he needs it most for the competitive career and courtship interests ahead.

"I can't remember when mother

wasn't particular about the way I looked," is a much more secure feeling than, "Mother never seemed to care."

*"I was born a minister's daughter which they say is the surest passport to the Hall of Fame but hasn't kept some people from landing in jail!"* wrote Constance J. Foster from Great Neck, N. Y., in answer to our query for biographical data. "Went to Smith College and acquired a Phi Beta Kappa key which was mainly useful on my first job when it impressed my boss enough to make up for my lack of experience. Married, produced a male offspring and took to writing to counteract the danger of talking about the baby's first tooth. . . . Had another baby, bought a house, wrote a book."

—Suggestions for further reading:

INTELLIGENT PARENTHOOD

by Chicago Association  
for Child Study

\$2.00

University of Chicago Press, Chicago

THE ATTRACTIVE CHILD

by Constance J. Foster  
Julian Messner, Inc., New York

\$2.75



### Within Easy Earshot

WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was representing the thirteen American colonies in the French capital, his business took him to the town of Rambouillet, where he had to go to a strange barber to be shaved. As he sat in the chair, he noticed a small dog squatting on the floor at his feet, eyes fixed intently on his face.

"What is this dog doing here?" asked the sage of Philadelphia, somewhat uneasily.

"Ah ze dog, she always sits so," answered the barber reassuringly, "you see, monsieur, when I cut a piece off ze ear—*eh bien*, it is she who gets it."

—CHARLES DERRICOTT

*Three generations of Thomas A. Edison's ancestors lived a total of 299 years. Here is the diet they followed—and you can, too*



## **Eat to Be a Hundred**

by DR. ROBERT HUGH ROSE

**W**HAT EVIDENCE have we of the value of nutrition in prolonging life? Laboratory experiments in the feeding of animals furnish direct evidence. Professor H. C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has carried rats through sixteen generations. In this way he has been able to observe the effects of various diets on their health and on their longevity. When, in addition to other well selected foods, he fed them an abundance of milk, they grew more rapidly and larger, matured earlier, aged later, were more fertile and lived longer.

It would take a Methuselah to carry out feeding experiments on sixteen generations of human beings, but fortunately we have the example of one family, who followed the same diet for three generations. I refer to the ancestors of Thomas A. Edison. Edison's great-grandfather, having read Louis Cornaro's book, *The Art of Living Long*, followed the diet therein recommended. Edison's grandfather

followed it too, as did his father and his father's brothers. Edison's great-grandfather lived one hundred and two years; his grandfather one hundred and three years; his father ninety-four years, and each of his father's six brothers more than ninety years.

We know how mentally active Thomas A. Edison was until a short time before his death at eighty-four. He understood the value of correct nutrition and ate a well selected diet. But Mr. Edison failed to observe the principle of the golden mean in his habits. He worked long hours, was on considerable tension much of the time and did not sleep enough; consequently he failed to live out the life-span with which heredity endowed him.

WHAT THEN WAS THIS plan of eating which Louis Cornaro described, and which influenced so greatly the lives of the Edison ancestry? Cornaro followed a plan of moderation in eating,

using twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen ounces of wine daily. His diet consisted of bread, soup, eggs, wine and certain meats. His life was contemporaneous with the lives of Christopher Columbus and Ponce de Leon. While the latter was searching for the Fountain of Youth—dying at sixty-one years of age—Cornaro found in a well chosen diet the secret of long life and lived one hundred and two years.

At thirty-five years of age, injudicious eating and drinking had injured Cornaro's health. He finally decided to take the advice of his physician—a decision which it seems is not always quickly reached—and, a year later, his health was greatly improved. He was fascinated with the idea of the great benefits received from his regimen and resolved to follow it throughout the rest of his life.

I can't help remarking that, in making this resolution, he differed from many patients whom I have known. The average patient, when he feels better as a result of using a diet, is more inclined to say to his doctor, "I am feeling fine. When can I have more to eat?" His fascination seems to be for the diet which made him sick and I suspect that he frequently returns to that very diet.

However, Cornaro used good judg-

ment, as was later proved, and he followed his diet to the end of his days, which added up to more than a century. So you see, it was Louis Cornaro, rather than Ponce de Leon, who discovered the secret of long life, and the secret was a certain diet which was nourishing but moderate in amount.

CORNARO, we know, credited his long life to moderation in eating. The importance of this factor is borne out by insurance statistics, which show a death rate eighty-six per cent greater than normal for persons more than twenty-five per cent over-weight and more than forty-five years of age.

In a letter which I received from

*Dr. Robert Hugh Rose believes we can all live longer—that finding a way to do it is the height of medical achievement. The answer he has formulated for most of our health problems sounds simple: correct nutrition and the avoidance of infections. Born in Carthage, Mo., he earned his B. A. from DePauw University, his M. D. from Columbia. Later he was instructor in gastro-intestinal diseases at New York Post Graduate Medical School. He has written two books: Eat Your Way to Health and How to Stay Young.*

while taking out eight of work.

"Is it any wonder," he said, "that the boiler flues and the arteries get clogged up, that the pipes burst, causing apoplexy, and that the machine breaks down before its life is half lived out?" Today, most of us take better care of our automobiles than we do our bodies.

In addition to being moderate in

Mr. Thomas Alva Edison, he too emphasized the need of keeping the quantity of food eaten small in order to keep the weight down. Mr. Edison once said that the majority of persons burn up one hundred horse-power of fuel in their bodies

amount, Cornaro's diet was well balanced. He ate three of the best foods in the world—meat, eggs and bread. The meat and eggs contain protein, fat, minerals and vitamins. Bread is largely starch, contains some protein and, when made from whole grain flour, contains vitamins B and E and minerals in considerable amounts. In Cornaro's time flour was not over-refined as it usually is today. Cornaro also used soups and wine. Those vitamins and minerals which are soluble in water are present in soups; those contained in grapes are present in wine. Although you might well follow Cornaro's diet as Mr. Edison's ancestors did, it would be better still to follow a diet more nearly in keeping with our present-day methods of eating. In a later paragraph I shall outline such a regimen, but first it is desirable to make plain the defects in our present-day diet.

THE AVERAGE DIET used in the United States is wrong in two respects. First: It lacks minerals, vitamins, alkalies and roughage—owing to the small amount of fruit, green leaves and milk products eaten and to the use of over-refined sugars and grains. Second: It is over-loaded with calories derived from meat, bread, potatoes and rich desserts. It is important, therefore, that you do not eat too much of some classes of foods and too little of other classes. I shall show you how to avoid such errors.

For the purpose of enabling you to

choose a correct diet, I have divided your foods into two groups. If you eat those in the first group in the daily amounts given, and those in the second group according to directions, you will do away with deficiencies in your diet and you will make the total quantity of your nutrition exactly meet requirements.

Group One contains, along with tissue building foods, the protective foods, namely: milk, green leaves and fruit. The latter protect against the usual deficiencies in our diet.

#### GROUP ONE—DAILY AMOUNTS

Two glasses of milk  
One egg  
Two helpings of green leaves  
Two helpings of coarse vegetables  
One third pound of meat

Group Two consists of fuel foods. Eat these in amounts sufficient to keep your weight at its normal point. The scales are your guide. I give these foods in amounts correct for one of sedentary habits. A very active person would need much more of them. The cream and butter in this group contain vitamins A and D—the whole grain cereals and breads contain vitamins A, B and E, and the minerals, iron, calcium and phosphorus.

#### GROUP TWO—DAILY AMOUNTS

<i>Fats:</i>	
Butter	3 Pats
Cream	4 Tablespoons
Olive Oil	1 Tablespoon

*Starches:*

Bread (whole grain)	3 Slices
Cereal (whole grain)	1 Helping
Potato	1 Medium sized

*Choice of:*

Macaroni	1 Helping
Sweet Potato	1 Medium sized
Thickened soup	1 Cup
Sugar	2-3 Teaspoons

It cannot be emphasized too often that the foods in Group One are neglected in the diet of the average American and should be taken in the amounts suggested. But watch your intake of the foods in Group Two—and watch the scales. The more active

you are, the more of Group Two you will need, for they are fuel foods. At the same time, they are fattening foods and may push overweight to the danger point.

Eat to live long is a simple rule, but it has an important qualification—eat the right foods in the right amounts.

*Suggestions for further reading:*

**TOUGHEN UP AMERICA!**

by Dr. Victor G. Heiser \$2.00  
Whittlesey House, New York

**NUTRITION AND PHYSICAL FITNESS**

by Lotta J. Bogert \$3.00  
W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia

**THE NEWER KNOWLEDGE OF NUTRITION**

by Elmer V. McCollum \$4.50  
The Macmillan Company, New York

## Five Gold Bricks

ONE morning a man came into P. T. Barnum's office begging money. Barnum gave him a job at \$1.50 per day.

Giving him five common bricks, the showman said, "go lay one on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann; another close by the Museum; the other two on the opposite corners. Then, fifth brick in hand, march from one point to the other, making a circuit and exchanging your brick at every point. Don't speak to anyone."

"What's the object?" the man inquired.

"Just a bit of my fun. At the

end of every hour show this ticket at the Museum door, go in, walk solemnly through, and then resume your rounds."

At the end of the first hour hundreds of people were watching the man's movements. Whenever he entered Barnum's sideshow a dozen or more curious persons bought tickets and followed him inside.

This continued for several days until finally the police, complaining that obstruction of the sidewalk by crowds had become serious, ordered Barnum to call in his brick layer.

—KERMET RAYBORN



56

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• Select

# *5th Anniversary*

*(November, 1936 - November, 1941)*

\* **A collection of Coronet's most memorable photographs**

Two selections by Don Wallace. One selection each: Brassai, Nell Dorr, Jeno Dulovits, Vories Fisher, Hein Gorny, John Gutmann, Károly Kletz, Ante Kornič, Krause, W. Luthy, Robert L. McFerran, Arthur Meyerhoff, Earl Murray, Jean Reissmann, Lucio Ridenti, E. Salter, Mario Scacheri, André Steiner, Kálmán Szöllösy, Ernö Vadas, Karl E. Wipperman.

\* Selected from a total of more than 1800 prints published in Coronet since its inception.





*Hand*

DON WALLACE

From the February, 1937 issue

*Renaissance*

NELL DORR

From the July, 1938 issue.



*Fury*

ROBERT L. MELLOM

From the January 1992 issue



Dwarfed

HEIN GORNY

Photo by HEIN GORNY - LIFE - 1941 Issue 2



*Joy*

ANDRE STEINER

From the March 1987 issue

KRA  
From



*Heartbreak*

KRAUSE

From the July, 1941 issue



*Eyes West*

W. LUTHY

From the January, 1937 issue



*No Royal Road*

JEAN REISMAN

From the May, 1940 Issue



*Beside the Still Waters*

KAROLY KEETZ

From the December, 1937 Issue



*The Lorold*

KÁLMÁN SZÖLÖSY

From the April, 1937 issue



*Le Temps*

BERNARD LEWIS

From the March 1947 issue



*The Deacon*

MORRIS FISHER

From the March, 1941 issue



Vespa.

STATE KODAK

From the June 1957 issue



*Tingfest*

JOHN GUTMANN

From the April, 1940 issue.



*Nighttime*

JENÖ DULOVITS

From the February, 1937 Issue



TOM KELLEY, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

*June in January*



*June in January*







*Child Prodigy*

ERNO VADAS

from the November, 1940 issue



*Child Prodigy*

ERNO VADAS

From the November, 1940 issue



*The Old Grey Mare*  
INEZ BENTLEY KELSO  
From the June, 1937 issue

*Miserere*

EARL MURRAY

From the May, 1941 issue





*Confidentially*

ARTHUR MEYERHOFF

From the November, 1939 Issue

*Capri Praeneste*

LUCIO SVENTI

From the March, 1939 issue





*Garden People*

E. SALTER

From the May, 1941 issue



*Amphibian*

KARL E. WIPPERMAN

From the June, 1938 issue

Mc-

SON

From th



*Macropolis*

DON WALLACE

From the March, 1938 issue

*Glider*

(AERONAUTICAL)

From the film, *Fly! Fly! Rose*



**The Game of International I.Q.** There is no phase of espionage more fascinating than the solving of cryptic messages, the breaking down of ingenious codes—such as in the following actual case history. The scene is set for you—the innocent radiogram reproduced. Can you find the sinister message?

## **The Case of the Innocent Radiogram**

by RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



**I**N TIMES of war or international emergency the government censor sits down to his task early and stays late. Over his—or her—table flows a cataract of letters, postcards, delayed telegrams, parcels, newspapers in wrappers, bundles of sheet music, of photographs, and every other known form of communicative matter. The job of handling and inspecting such a torrent of written or printed items is not only a prodigious labor, it is also unspeakably dull.

However, it is vital to the far-ranging vigilant processes of professional secret service—counter espionage. The censor's routine may be stupefying, the eyestrain nearly unbearable, but the work that he does is "front line" work. He is like a

soldier in trenches formed of endless sacks of mail, a sailor on a veritable sea of ink, helping to tighten the blockade.

Letters, postcard messages, telegrams, or radiograms having the most garbled and suspicious appearance are generally discovered to be innocent. Normal-looking communications which seem as simple and unexciting as a nursery rhyme may be eventually discovered to hold some sinister import.

One morning last June an alert young censor in a bureau that works twenty-four hours a day in defense of North America walked into the office of his immediate superior and laid a radiogram form upon his desk.

"What do you think of that, sir?" he asked.

The other read the radiogram

through several times, then he indicated the address with the point of his pencil: "Has this been checked?"

"Yes, sir. Not on any blacklist, or on any of our suspect lists."

"Mark it for delay," said the division chief. "You had better turn it over to Hargrave. One of his men can dig out the code, if there is one."

"Excuse me, sir. But I tried shifting the words in this message around a bit. There didn't seem to be any particular pattern about them. Business-like, all very smooth, gets a good deal said—never at a loss for a word.

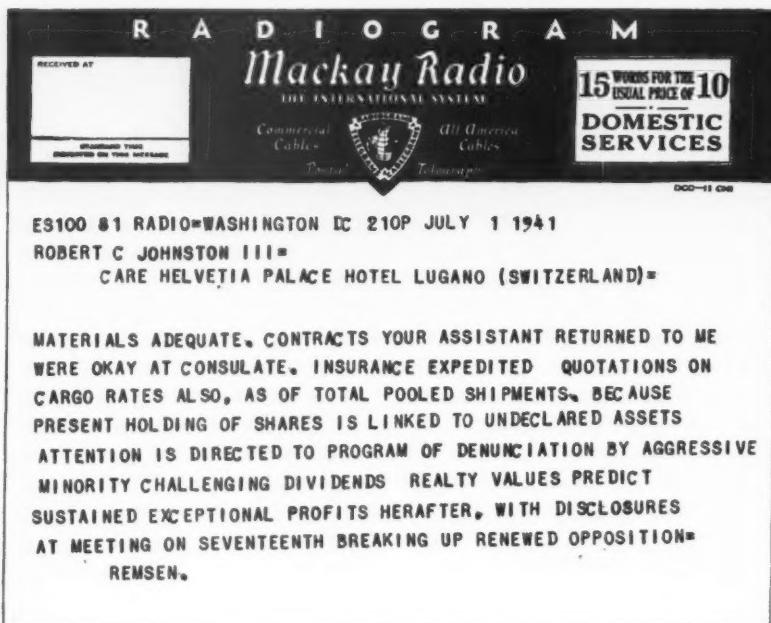
"But I just kept on staring at it. Nothing to delete, yet it didn't look quite horizontal to me—"

The younger man put a sheet of pad paper covered with his writing on the desk beside the radiogram. "Finally I tried it like this, sir. I dare say I shouldn't have interfered—"

None the less he surveyed his discovery with parental pride.

"Good Lord, Cameron," his chief exclaimed, "I believe you've got it." He whistled softly. "Suppose this 'innocent' little affair had slipped through! I think you'll hear more about your work on this, lad—and from Washington."

*Can you detect the hidden message pertaining to North American defense which this seemingly harmless communication sought to convey? (answer on page 140)*





## **Masters of Zowie**

by WALTER WALKER

• • • "Many people," says Milton Caniff, who draws *Terry and the Pirates*, "have received the impression that comic artists are pretty hairbrained individuals who hire pale young students to ghost for them, then spend most of their time taking bows on the golf courses when they are not squiring some dazzling queen around the bright spots. I just want to mention that the men who are top flight in this profession are hardheaded businessmen who try day after day to turn out a product that will make the John Q. Publics of the world shake out their pennies and take home the local newspaper."

To which Al Capp, creator of *Li'l Abner*, adds:

"The life of a cartoonist is just about as easy as that of a day laborer. It takes me eight hours a day to do my daily strip and a day and a half to do the Sunday page. . . ."

And there you have two expert opinions on what a comic strip artist is—and what he is not.

Caniff, Capp and their numerous colleagues turn out some 235 different comic strips, many of which are also translated into foreign tongues. Thus in China, Jiggs eats rice instead of corned beef; in France, the Bumstead's Baby Dumpling is *Papouli*.

To be funny in half a dozen languages seven times a week is no easy trick. But on the following pages you will meet six cartoonists who not only perform that trick, but perform it exceedingly well.



## Chic Young



Chic Young is a normal fellow, living a normal life in a normal suburb. He draws a comic strip which reflects the normal life of another normal family. For all this Mr. Young makes an abnormal amount of money—better than \$100,000 a year.

Young—whose mislaid first name is Murat—is a tall, slim man of 40. His first strip was called *Beautiful Bab*, followed by the fairly successful *Dumb Dora*. Then, 10 years ago, he origi-

nated the Bumsteads—Blondie, Dagwood, Baby Dumpling and the dog.

At his home, two of Young's best friends are the postman and the milkman, who both appear regularly and recognizably in the funnies—which adds immeasurably to their local standing in Great Neck, Long Island.

The readers of *Blondie* take seriously the trials and tribulations of the Bumsteads. When it became known that a new baby was about to arrive, hundreds of women wrote to give Blondie advice. When Dagwood appeared without his oversize shirt button, many wrote to give Young the devil. All this is music to Young's ears.

## Ham Fisher



It is not on record what the members of the Union League Club said the morning President Franklin D.

Roosevelt appeared in the comic strip, *Joe Palooka*. But to most funny paper fans the event was wholly natural.

To them, Joe Palooka is a real guy. Didn't he fight Dempsey and Tunney? Didn't he just volunteer for the Army? Indeed he did. As a matter of fact, the President (in person, not in the funnies) publicly said that Joe "helped put over the draft."

The man behind Joe Palooka is 41-year-old Hammond Edward Fisher—called Ham. In less plush days Fisher was a Fuller brush salesman, and he still resembles one in manner. At twenty, Fisher got a job as reporter and cartoonist on his home town (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.) paper. Today, twenty-one years later, his strip goes to more than 500 papers.

With his wife and three-year-old daughter, Fisher lives modestly—despite a six-figure income—on a three acre estate in Deal, N. J. He spends a good bit of his time at Camp Dix—now that Joe's in the Army, Fisher has to be a military expert.



## Al Capp



*Li'l Abner* was first published seven years ago. Since that day it has added a new reader every ten seconds.

Some 14 years ago, Al Capp, broke and happy, was perched on a rock in southwest Kentucky sketching a landscape. A hillbilly examining the sketch declared: "It don't make sense." So Capp sketched the hillbilly.

Skip a few years while Capp studied Art with a capital "A" in Philadelphia. Then shift the scene to New

York where the artist as a young man of 21 arrived with \$6 and ambition. Abruptly, Capp was given a chance to draw *Mr. Gilfeather* for a national syndicate—for a short while.

Move to Boston. More school. More Art. Add a wife. Then back to New York—still happy and broke. Until, one day, a radio blared out a hillbilly ballad. Out of the trunk came a 14-year-old sketch of the Kentucky hillbilly, and *Li'l Abner* was born.

Today 443 papers display Yokum's hillbilly antics. And 31-year old Al Capp is back in Boston studying Art with a capital "A"—no longer for art's sake but for *Li'l Abner*'s.





## Milton Caniff



When Milton Caniff set out to be a successful cartoonist, he borrowed a technique from the movies:

"First panel: long shot with the speaking characters in foreground. Second panel: medium shot with dialog to move plot along. Third panel: semi-closeup to set reader for significant last speech. Fourth panel: full closeup of character with sock line."

Such is the formula Caniff outlines for a bangup adventure strip. The

sum of exciting detail, a youngster for juvenile interest, a handsome brute for the ladies, a screwy Chinese valet for humor and a gorgeous female menace>equals *Terry and the Pirates*.

Originally an office boy in the art rooms of the Dayton *Journal-Herald*, Caniff earned a chance to do an adventure strip for the Chicago Tribune Syndicate. Told to make China the locale, he learned about the Orient from picture files, library books and New York laundrymen—became a self-styled "armchair Marco Polo."

Today, his strip appears regularly in more than 130 newspapers.

## Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster



On a summer night in 1932, young Jerry Siegel, unable to sleep, crawled out of bed and jotted down an inspiration. The result: *Superman*.

Joe Shuster, a friend of Siegel's, put the idea into drawings, and the two kids set out to peddle the strip. Finally, after six years, one of the comic magazines—*Action Comics*—bought the set for \$130. The annual take today—with movies and radio—

runs to something like \$1,500,000.

All of this completely bedazzles writer Siegel and artist Shuster. Although their share of the Superman loot is less than \$100,000 (the lion's share going to the publisher of *Action Comics*) the two 26-year-old Cleveland boys can't quite believe their own good luck.

Shuster, skinny and short, spends most of his spare time trying to increase his weight—and for relaxation reads mystery novels.

Siegel, plump, has taken unto himself a wife, built a super modern house. He avoids exercise, likes fattening desserts and serious biography.



*Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show*

• • • To receive the highest honor which the Empire could bestow, Mustapha, a greyhound, appeared before King George II of England. The reason?

On May 11, 1745, the British were fighting the French at Fontenoy. Mustapha was performing his usual function of carrying lighted "matches"—which he held in his mouth—to the gunners.

But on this particular afternoon, the French artillery landed a lucky shot in the midst of the British gun crew. Half the crew were killed and most of the others wounded. The French, seeing the gun out of commission, charged.

Mustapha sized up the situation and offered his match to the dying gunner. But the gunner could no longer move. Again Mustapha con-

sidered. The French had nearly reached the gun. Mustapha held the match between his fore-paws, jumped onto the cannon and touched the flame to the fuse. Firing at point blank range, the shot wiped out three-fourths of the advancing French detachment. The rest retreated. The gun remained in English hands.

• • • Clever Hans is dead. The storm of words which raged about him has burned itself out.

Hans was a horse owned by a German named William von Osten. Osten believed that he had taught the horse to think as a human being thinks. He offered to let anyone investigate the animal. The results are

summarized in a paragraph from the *Review of Reviews* for 1910.

"It may be recalled that Clever Hans knew figures and letters, colors and tones, the calendar and the dial, that he could count and read, deal with decimals and fractions, spell out answers to questions with his right hoof and recognize people from having seen their photographs. In every case his 'replies' were given in the form of scrapings with his right forefoot."

Many of the well known scientists who investigated Hans thought that he responded to "subconscious signaling" from von Osten. Others ruled this out, saying that they had seen Hans perform when von Osten was absent. No one ever accused Osten of intentional trickery.

One set of investigators, headed by psychologist Otto Pfungst of Berlin University, stated that Hans' answers were partly due to *telepathy* and *hypnotic influence*. That seems like explaining the incomprehensible by the mysterious.

• • • Death came one warm afternoon to Cucusa, a female chimpanzee in the great collection of primates at Villa Quinta Palatino, Cuba. At the exact moment of her death, another chimpanzee, Jimmy, screamed.

At the time of Cucusa's death, Jimmy was over half a mile from her

cage and could not possibly have discovered her death by normal means. While he screamed, Jimmy appeared to follow with his eyes some object moving near him. But there was no object which anyone could see.

On a half dozen occasions when other apes died, Jimmy screamed and looked about him at some unseen thing.

Madame Abreu, Jimmy's owner, who probably knew more about great apes than any other living person, made careful observations of Jimmy. She concluded he had some supernormal knowledge of the death of his fellows.

• • • For an instant the sparrow hawk waited, then it dived. In the barnyard of H. H. Sheldon at Bend, Oregon, a bantam hen frantically gathered her chicks beneath her. The hawk struck so swiftly that Sheldon, watching the scene, was unable to tell whether a chick had been caught.

He immediately lifted the protesting hen from her brood and counted the chicks. None were missing. *In fact, there was one too many.* A sparrow had sought refuge beneath the hen and was trying to pass itself off for one of her chicks.

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 979 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.*

*When you stop to think of it, Cab Calloway  
is the only man in America who possibly  
could have coined those words like "jitterbug"*



## **Witch Doctor in a White Tie**

by ROBERT W. MARKS

CAB CALLOWAY is Green Hell, air-cooled for comfort, landscaped for style. He is a swing colossus with one foot on Times Square, the other in the upper Nile. He is a witch doctor in a white tie.

Lithe as a spring and debonair, he prances in front of his band like a cross between a college cheer leader and Condé Nast serving vintage champagne.

"Hi-de-hi-de-hi," says he.

"Hi-de-hi-de-hi," says the chorus.

"Ho-de-ho-de-ho," says he.

"Ho-de-ho-de-ho," says the chorus.

Calloway, now inspired, gives his echo its *coup de grace*. "Skinny-we-de-we-de-we-de-we-do," peals he. It's

like Gertrude Stein on a ten-day drunk. Nothing quite means anything—ever did—ever will mean anything. You are very pleased.

You feel even better after a drink.

Born in Rochester, New York, on Christmas, 1907, Calloway was named Cabell, after his father, a lawyer, who died soon, leaving a large family and no reserves. The family moved to

*Mr. Robert Marks, who is no stranger to Coronet readers, has written a History of Music and Musical Instruments of Ancient China—and also several works on wine. This particular article seems to show the effects of both—stirred well together over a hot burner. Almost a Yale graduate, Marks divides his spare time (he's one of the most prolific of magazine feature writers) between photography and flying. He does both very well.*

Baltimore and little Cab went to work shining shoes. His older sister Blanche made a start in the show business.

Times were never easy. When the wolf wasn't wailing at the door, he was at least napping in a nearby yard. And many were the Calloway mouthfuls waiting—Bernice, Elmer, John, Camilla.

By and by, Cab promoted himself to the post of newsboy. He claims he sold only Sunday papers. "They were more dignified."

His was a prosaic, non-musical youth. He had a dilettante interest in drums and a churchly interest in hymns. No one found him in the garret, late at night, conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.

At this time, the only floor show he looked forward to was the tragicomedy of a court room. So he went to Crane College, in Chicago, to study law, his sister Blanche getting him an expense-paying job in a night club. Soon he was busy burning the midnight oil—but in the wrong lamp. "Night clubbing and school didn't pan out so well, together," says Calloway, "so I figured I'd give up school."

Time passed.

Calloway joined a certain Chicago institution known as "The Sunset Club." There was a floor show. He got a bit part. Maybe a two bit part. George Dewey Washington was on the same bill. So were Adelaide Hall, Walter Richardson and Slick White. Calloway watched them carefully, especially noting their clay feet.

Then one night, his star climbed up a magnitude. Adelaide Hall was sick. Calloway knew her act so well he could handle it blindfolded on a tight rope. He walked on and took over her big number: *The Song of the Wanderer*. He stole the show.

From then on he was official understudy to the whole cast. At a moment's notice he could fill in anything but a tooth.

SUDDENLY the scene shifted. A new orchestra arrived, appropriately called the "Alabamians." It brought with it an up-and-coming master of ceremonies, one Ralph Cooper.

It should be pointed out that this was the time when masters of ceremonies were overrunning the country like hot-dog stands. They combined the special techniques of Svengali, Dale Carnegie and the old-time merchants of snake-oil. They confessed, confided, cajoled and conspired. They were the Indian givers of the spot-light.

But one fateful night there was no Ralph Cooper, and Calloway filled in. He was like a race horse who had been pulling a hack through Central Park. Now he took his bit part in his teeth, opened his nostrils and tore down the track.

The band played as never before. Even the walls were pleased. Then trouble signed a lease.

When Cooper came back, the band had two leaders. The Calloway personality wouldn't shut off. It kept

leading—even from the washroom. The management said the boys had better make up their minds. Cab and no Cooper; Cooper and no Cab.

The boys took Cab. They were billed as "Cab Calloway and his Alabamians."

Calloway now had ossified his peculiarities into what is politely called "style." This involved wild spontaneity, a come-what-may enthusiasm, a specialized species of spot inventions. The customers liked it.

It went out on the radio. It wormed into the trade sheets. It traveled by word of mouth. A reputation began to grow. Soon the style-story reached Manhattan, earned a bid from Harlem's Savoy Ballroom.

But the Savoy was not yet ready for African innovations. Calloway was a pew ahead of himself. "I was," he says, "one tremendous flop."

Then chance played an encore: Connie's *Hot Chocolates* was on rehearsal. Calloway was offered a part singing *Ain't Misbehavin'*. Slowly success climbed back in the saddle.

This was in 1929. Duke Ellington, who had been playing at the Cotton Club, had a Hollywood offer. Herman Stark, the emporium's impresario, was scouting for a new band. He thought Calloway was enough of a personality to be box office; he was willing to back Calloway, buy men

—even to manufacture materials.

The Alabamians now forgotten, Calloway advanced a state. He became "Cab Calloway and his Missourians." He was giving himself forty-eight chances to succeed.

He opened at the Cotton Club, canting a song called *The St. James Infirmary*. His orchestra was now major league timber. It had Carnegie Hall tone, radio appeal, patented antics. The coast-to-coast networks soon enmeshed it, and *The St. James Infirmary* became a national clinic. Calloway was now ready to be tapped for "The Hot Record Society."

WITH BOTH a creative and unseen audience to work with, Calloway's technique improved. He became a past master at "scat." He would start with orthodox lyrics, end with heterodox hokum.

One night he was stuck. Try as he might, he couldn't pick up his lyric. He put the "scat" out.

"Hi-de-ho," howled Calloway. "Ho-de-ho-de-ho . . . skinny-we-de-we-de-we-do . . ."

The house tittered. He tried it again. When he wound up, the applause roared down like a subway express.

"I figured I had something there," says Calloway. "And so I held on to it —tried it in my other numbers." It worked like Voodoo magic.

It became his vocal coat of arms. *The St. James Infirmary* ran its day, and time came for another feature. So Cab, with Irving Mills, his manager, wrote *Minnie the Moocher*. It took like a vaccination.

The radio, the movies, the gramophone; airship, mule-back and packet-boat; college boys, chorus girls and coolies—all spread the sad saga of Minnie “who laid her head on the *yensheegow* and stabbed herself with the *sueypow*.”

Hi-de-ho became a classical moronism—and Minnie took her place in the Pantheon of American folklore.

A CYCLE or “hi-de-ho” songs followed: *Smokey Joe, Kicking the Gong Around, Reefer Man, The Scat Song, Wah-Dee-Dah, Lady with the Fan*, Calloway drifted into composing and philology. Right and left he tossed off songs and words. Soon there was *jitterbug*.

Calloway had acquired an eccentric trombonist. For no tangible reason, he named him Father. Father was corking with the trombone. But “he had the shakes.” So, to steady his nerves, he took one little nip after another. “He was such a bug on the bottle,” says Calloway, “I called him a *jitterbug*—lapper-up of *jitter-sauce*.”

Calloway wrote a song around him called *The Jitterbug Shuffle*. Then showmanship got to work in a geometrical ratio. A professor came into the picture. With learned voice he announced that a *jitterbug* was, in every

syllable, a *palsaddictisomoniadipsomaniac*.

It was a good word, redundant as the dictionary.

What could be more publicity-bent than a Jitterbug Club with this as a password. Calloway built himself a jitterbughouse in the air, campaigned for members. All that was required of a neophyte was an unstuttered mouthing of this non-streamlined hybrid.

He began to coin words like a mint. He became a professor emeritus of *Jive*—the patois of Harlem. He became co-author of a *Jive* dictionary. Among the many other expressions coined or made coin by Calloway are *Yeah, man; Jiving around; That sends me; Beat it out, boys; Aw, you're muggin'; It's ready, so help me!*

The Calloway *Jive* even infects his band. All the players have special *Jive* handles. Taken collectively, they sound like the cast of an Elizabethan comedy: *Foots, Flat, Bunk, Doc, Son, Slop, Faker, Deedlo, Cash, Fruit and Place*.

*Foots* is a saxophone player whose pedals suggested one of Calloway’s lyrics about “a gal so tall—she sleeps in the kitchen with her foots in the hall.” *Cash* is the drummer. His only notes are banknotes.

“That reminds me,” said Calloway to Ned Williams, his press agent and jiving partner, “I’ve got a new word for the dictionary: *grease-pad*.”

Meaning: restaurant. Illustration:

“After I’ve finished this slave on the Great White Way I will final to a

Village of Darkness, stretch my frame  
in a grease-pad and exercise my  
crumbl crushers 'cause my midsection  
is very beat."

Freely translated, this means:  
"When I've wound up my Broadway  
stint I'll beat it to Harlem, drop into  
a dive and pick up some slop; I'm  
pooped."

As a master of ceremonies, Calloway  
is systematically urbane. Only  
once in his career did his concentrated  
Grover Whalenism come a cropper.

Irving Berlin had just married  
Ellen Mackay; and her father was annoyed  
about it. One night Berlin  
came up to the Cotton Club with  
Oscar Levant and Levant's wife. Dan  
Healy, at that time, was the official  
master of ceremonies. For some reason  
he hadn't turned up, and Calloway  
took over.

The management, noticing Berlin's  
party, sent word to Calloway. As  
M. C., he should make some sort of  
gesture—introduce Berlin.

Boldly, Calloway approached the  
mike—which was tied in to a national  
hook-up. "Ladies and gentlemen,"  
said he, "we have with us tonight a  
famous composer and his wife. It gives  
me great pleasure to introduce Mr.  
and Mrs. Irving Berlin . . ."

There was great stir. Mrs. Berlin—  
Mrs. Ellen Mackay Berlin—was never  
seen in night clubs—not then. The  
management was embarrassed. Keep  
her out of the picture.

Word was passed to Calloway.

Apogetically he went back to the  
mike. "Ladies and gentlemen," he  
announced to the national network,  
"I made a slight mistake. The lady  
with Mr. Berlin was not his wife."

CONSERVATIVE in his tastes, Cab  
Calloway's only extravagance is fine  
cars. His latest addition, a custom-  
built Lincoln, turned out too long  
for his garage. Two feet were scooped  
out of the wall to get it in.

Addicted to every known sport, his  
luck is phenomenal. He never loses.  
Whenever he finds his band at a crap  
game, he says nothing. He doesn't  
have to break it up. His is a fatal  
G-man technique: he joins the game.

His one deep admiration is for  
Duke Ellington. Ellington's picture  
hangs in the bar of his house—the  
only professional symbol in the  
menage. A radio-phonograph system,  
remotely controlled from every room,  
turns Ellington on and off at will.

One night Ellington dropped in  
during the early show at the Cotton  
Club. Calloway stepped out front.

"I'm glad to be here with my  
buddy, Duke," he said. "Duke and  
I've got a date to take out for Harlem  
and enjoy ourselves. We wish you  
ladies and gentlemen would get your  
hats and coats and go home. We're  
going to close up the club . . ."

Calloway has built himself a private  
springboard for high Jiving. He has  
a permanent audience. He has  
at his baton's end, men whose  
musicianship is so fine, as he puts it, "it's

just like taking a drink of water."

He sells himself no illusions. He heils to the old doctrine of work; tears himself limb from limb at every performance. He will work as hard for a lone scrubwoman as for a houseful of standing Ladies Clara Vere de Vere.

At thirty-one, he is altering his style, building an entertainment wall to lean against long after his hi-de-hi is low. He keeps an eye peeled for personality-fatigue. Today he gives the customers more music, less Callo-way; more show, less show-off.

With both feet on the pulse of the public, "he is ready," as they say in jive—ready to conquer what's left of a rapidly-shaking, shagging world.

He'll do it, too!

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

FATHER OF THE BLUES: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by W. C. Handy

\$3.00

The Macmillan Company, New York

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

by Dorothy Baker

\$2.50

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston

JAZZMEN

by Frederic C. Ramsey, Jr.

\$2.75

and Charles Edward Smith

Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., New York

### The Flying Rye Bread

**R**YE BREAD, unobtainable in tropical islands of the Caribbean because of the adverse effect of climate on this flour, is so relished by Dr. and Mrs. Carl T. Georg of the Dominican Republic they pay \$7.98 a loaf to have it flown from New York twice monthly.

The Georgs, who operate a private hospital at San Pedro de Macoris, have been enjoying their imported delicacy since 1937, when a New York purchasing agent first made the arrangements with Slama's Bakery.

The special outsize loaf, measuring two and a half feet in length and eight inches in depth, is made from an ancient Viennese recipe in old-fashioned coal burning ovens. While the actual price of the loaf is only seventy-five cents, the cost mounts thus: \$3.38 airmail charge to Miami; \$3.15 clipper rate to the West Indian port; ten cents for insurance; ten cent valuation charge, and finally a fifty cent charge permitting the unloading of the package at its destination.

—MARION SIMMS

***if you enjoy Coronet, doubtless you have many friends who would also welcome its monthly menu of varied entertainment . . . as a Christmas gift from you. For full details on Coronet's special new Christmas Plan, see opposite page 106***

## *There's Money in It*



*Almost anyone welcomes a good, money-making idea. Here are some people who used their ingenuity and found success very close to home*

• • • Catering to those who want to munch their barbecued ribs, have their squab or chicken "out of hand" in the unrestrained privacy of their own homes and generally want to enjoy the delicacies of famous restaurants without having to dine out, Harry Pragner has the answer. He has inaugurated a new kind of service for Manhattanites. He has arranged with a number of restaurants to supply their best dishes on order to hungry metropolitan cliff-dwellers. His motto is "famous specialities from famous restaurants" and he brings them hot and succulent or chilled to perfection by fast delivery.



• • • When Clifford Buffa, of a Boston suburb, finished building an open-air fireplace in the family back yard a year ago, he enjoyed it so much that he decided to make a business of it. He obtained plans and

specifications for many kinds of fireplaces. He got prices on the materials. Then, he went out after business.

"Any kind you want—any size—any material—almost any price," he told his prospects. And he reminded them how much fun it would be to have picnics in their back yards, to cook steaks or hamburgers over an open fire. The idea didn't require much salesmanship—and Buffa was soon busily and happily engaged in a profitable if seasonable business.



• • • Winifred Clark lives and works in a New York suburb as "roving secretary" to the many executives, professional people and club women living within a radius of fifty miles. When a call comes from a client, she gets in her car and drives to his or her home. This way she provides a convenient service that people seem to appreciate and are willing to pay for.



### **The Coronet Monthly Gallup Report:**

No problem could strike closer home than that covered this month for Coronet by the originator of the famed Gallup Poll. Last Labor Day the first of suggested curtailments of Installment Buying became law. Now Coronet reports current opinion on complete abolition.

## **Should Time Payments Be Outlawed?**

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

### **The Issue:**

*How far should the government go in curbing installment buying as a brake on inflation?*

### **The Poll Question:**

*As one way to help defense production, it has been suggested that the government forbid anyone buying anything more on the installment plan until the war in Europe is over. Do you approve or disapprove of this suggestion?*

### **The Trend of Sentiment:**

APPROVE.....	43%
DISAPPROVE.....	49%
NO OPINION.....	8%

### **A comment on this opinion**

WE ARE LIKELY to hear a great deal about installment buying this fall and winter as the Federal Reserve Board issues further regulations for control of the \$4,500,000,000-a-year installment business.

Control of installment buying has two objectives. The first and most immediate objective is to curb the purchase of metal goods—autos, vacuum cleaners, oil burners, refrigerators and the like—in order to conserve metal supplies for use in defense. The second and long-range objective is, of course, to control inflation.

The program, at least up to now, has not been designed to prohibit all installment buying, but simply to regulate it—to increase the size of the down-payments and shorten the period allowed for subsequent payments.

But if the present rather moderate plan does not succeed, will the American public favor more drastic steps? Would they consent to an outright prohibition against buying anything more on the installment basis until the war emergency is over?

The evidence from this month's survey is that public sentiment is fairly evenly divided on that question, with disapproval outweighing approval.

Yet the remarkable fact is that as many as 43 per cent actually favor this novel and drastic idea. Buying on the installment basis has become a national habit, having received its biggest boost after the last World War when the automobile industry vigor-

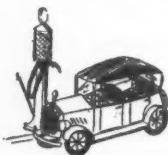
ously pushed it. Yet over two-fifths of the people say they would just as soon see the country return to the pay-as-you-buy principle.

There are several reasons for this vote. First, those who are *not* buying anything now on the installment basis are in favor of drastic laws against time payments. They wouldn't be directly affected by it. Second, those who are paying for something on the installment basis are not all happy about the system. Fully one-third of them, the poll found, say they'd like to see a prohibition against buying anything more that way.

Installment buying is the friend of the poor man; he is the one who is going to feel the effects of the Federal curb most. The low-income family buys more things on the installment plan than the well-to-do family, the survey shows, and is least in favor of a curb on installment sales. If opposition to the Federal program develops it is likely to come particularly from this low-income group for the special reason that the current defense boom is putting more money into the pockets of semi-skilled and unskilled workers than at any time since 1929.

In the course of its survey, the Institute found that approximately one adult in every three in the United States is paying for something in installments at the present time. And an earlier poll conducted some years ago indicated that about 70 per cent of the nation's families had bought on the installment plan at some time.

*Question: why don't motorists demand alky gas with its greater mileage and acceleration?  
Answer: how can they—they've never heard of it!*



## **The Case for Alky-Gas**

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

NEVER HEARD of alky-gas before? Most people haven't. Yet behind this facade of unenlightenment has been fought one of the bitterest and costliest pressure group struggles in our history.

For alky-gas is a strictly non-potable alcoholic preparation which you may have heard of under any of these descriptions—power alcohol, agrol (AGRicultural alcohOL), alcohol-gasoline.

And an alky-gas enthusiast is one who believes that the salvation of American agriculture lies in Federal and State legislation which will do either or both of these things: (a) force refiners to mix gasoline and alcohol made from American grown farm products, or (b) remove the Federal one-cent tax on every gallon of gasoline that contains at least ten per cent of alky-gas.

So far American petroleum interests have won nearly every important skirmish but the alky-gas men know

that they have only to win the last battle. They are becoming more and more confident that American gasoline rationing, an inconspicuous laboratory in Peoria, Illinois, a surplus of corn in South America and the duration of the Second World War will bring the necessary ultimate victory for their cause.

AS EARLY as 1907 when an automobile ride meant the high life, defiance of actuarial tables and all manner of exercise, the U. S. Department of Agriculture published bulletins relating to the possible use of alcohol in internal combustion engines. The Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station of Iowa State College also did pioneer work along these lines.

While we experimented other countries took passage on the alky-gas bandwagon. Germany, France, the British Isles and most of the rest of Europe joined the movement.

The compulsory use of alcohol in

gasoline in these countries was prompted by a number of reasons. Primarily these oil-poor countries wanted to gain a measure of self-sufficiency in case of war-time blockade. They wanted to help their farmers, and they wanted to build up a strong internal alcohol industry—indispensable to the manufacture of munitions.

But beyond these national and economic reasons there was a good technical reason. You see, ethyl alcohol is one of the best anti-knock agents known in the gasoline business.

Alcohol blended with gasoline—up to twenty per cent—makes a good motor fuel, having slightly greater mileage at low speeds, slightly better acceleration and a materially higher anti-knock rating than the original gasoline.

THIS HIGH anti-knock rating of alcohol may be the fateful key to the whole future of alky-gas. For, with improvements in automotive engineering, anti-knock agents such as tetra-ethyl had to be devised in order to eliminate the engine-killing "knock." Today you pay two cents more for every gallon of premium gasoline which contains this compound.

This two cent premium may be reduced on or before February 23, 1943 with the expiration of the basic patent on tetra-ethyl lead—one of the most valuable patents in all history. In any event this anti-knock compound is still somewhat cheaper than the necessary amount of ethyl alcohol

and for this reason the national advent of alky-gas has been held back on purely competitive and economic grounds.

BUT TO UNDERSTAND the basis of the present alky-gas movement we must go back to those sad days of 1932 when a bushel of corn was selling for twenty cents and less, and it was rather more profitable not to grow anything at all than to grow corn.

Then all at once the stricken Corn Belt became power alcohol conscious.

Up and down the Belt grandiose programs were promulgated, committees formed, pressure groups brought into being. Pamphlets, inevitably entitled "The Best Way to Bring Back Better Times" flooded the Middle West, inundated the sufferers of an economic drouth with reasons why the use of agricultural alcohol should be made mandatory in all gasoline.

In September, 1932, Iowa State College began a comprehensive study of the use of alcohol as an ingredient in motor fuels. A committee appointed to initiate the studies consisted of chemists, industrial and automotive engineers, crop experts and economists.

In hundreds of Grange meeting rooms and town halls in Nebraska, the Dakotas, Iowa and Illinois, the alky-gas drumbeaters tapped out their messages of hope: legislation should be enacted both in the states and in Congress to provide that liquid fuel

used in internal combustion engines shall be blended with a given percentage (usually between ten and twenty per cent) of alcohol made from agricultural products grown within the United States. Here was a market for 700,000,000 bushels of corn or about one-fourth the total U. S. corn crop, proclaimed the speakers. Naturally so great a non-food use of corn would raise prices on the rest of the corn crop with resulting prosperity for the farmer.

Meanwhile there was much pioneering work to be done. And so alcohol was blended with low-grade gasoline and sold in farm cooperative stations throughout the state. In all, 3,000,000 gallons of blended fuel were sold without any preferential treatment of any kind, purely on a commercial and competitive basis.

Oil interests and automobile associations suddenly became alarmed at the extent of and the vigor with which the latest drive was getting under way. Was it just a coincidence that the price of tetra-ethyl lead, the anti-knock compound of premium gasoline, was reduced from three cents to two cents in 1933?

A new wave of pamphlets flooded the Middle West. Who, these asked, would pay for the cost of an alcohol-gasoline plan in the farm states? Why, the farmers, of course. Didn't they own fifty per cent of the autos in the Middle West corn states? Besides, wasn't it selfish of the farmer to ask for such aid, at the expense of the

nation's automobile owners—the people who would have to pay more for the expensive agrol than they would for ordinary gas or even premium gas?

The alky-gas boosters had their retorts ready. Didn't the coming of the auto and truck deprive the farmer of a tremendous market in the form of corn, oats and hay which he once could sell to a horse and mule powered country? Wasn't this a worthy and practical gasoline conservation measure? Everyone knew that our petroleum reserves couldn't last forever. Wasn't this a more sensible means of subsidization than a plan that paid farmers not to grow things?

MEANWHILE, 2,000 miles from the heart of the alky-gas battle, a group of men, checking over confidential reports on the progress of alky-gas in the Middle West, decided the time was ripe. These men were the officers of the Chemical Foundation and they had a reputation of guessing right nearly every time.

The Chemical Foundation? It was created in 1919 by executive order of President Wilson, with power to purchase from the U. S. some 6,400 enemy patents, to license American firms to use these patents and to apply the royalties towards industrial and scientific research. Hadn't the Foundation found a way of utilizing Southern pine for kraft paper and for newsprint—after top flight chemists had declared the job an impossible one? Then there was the Founda-

tion's remarkable work with soybeans and cellulose from plants. And now the Foundation was going to put some of its millions into power alcohol. There was much bitter ado and muttering in American oil centers.

At Atchison, Kansas, the Foundation discovered an alcohol plant that seemed to meet the requirements. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent for the necessary additional equipment. The object? To produce twenty-five-cents-a-gallon alcohol, profitably, from agricultural products. Alky-gas then could compete with premium gasoline.

An extensive advertising campaign got under way for America's first real alky-gas ("Try a tankful—you'll be thankful"). The plant opened in December, 1936.

Fifteen million gallons of blended fuel were sold during the two years the plant was in operation. But the work of drouth sealed its doom. Corn rose to more than a dollar a bushel. Obviously with the cost of raw materials so high alcohol could not be produced at the required twenty-five cents a gallon. Late in 1938 the plant ceased processing operations, and the oil industry heaved a tremendous sigh of relief. The Chemical Foundation lost its \$1,000,000 "loan" and eventually decided to forget all about alky-gas.

BUT THE ORIGINAL enthusiasts were made of hardier stuff. In 1935 they secured the passage of a bill by the

Nebraska legislature providing that motor fuels containing between five and twenty per cent of ethyl alcohol, produced from agricultural products grown within continental U. S., shall not be subject to the state tax on motor fuels. That year South Dakota passed a measure providing that gasoline sold as motor fuel may be blended with completely denatured ethyl alcohol. This year (1941) Idaho enacted a law which exempts from the five-cent state motor fuel tax the alcohol content of motor fuel mixtures when the alcohol is produced from agricultural commodities grown in Idaho. Similar bills narrowly missed passage in other states.

The agrol boys didn't neglect Federal legislation. Bills still pending at this writing would make it unlawful to transport in interstate commerce any motor fuel unless it contained a certain percentage of agrol.

But not all of the alky-gas promoters pinned their hopes on legislation, mandatory or permissive. A number of clear-eyed supporters, mostly scientists and hard-headed businessmen, realized that the basic job was to manufacture alcohol so cheaply that it could compete in a free gasoline market.

With the purpose of sponsoring additional research in the field, the National Agrol Company was formed in 1939 by a number of alky-gas die-hards such as Dr. William J. Hale, consulting chemist of the Dow Chemical Company and John N. Ledbetter,

Jr. of New York. In June of this year the company held a closed meeting at Iowa State College at Ames, where it was learned that experimental advances in the manufacture of alcohol from farm products promise reduction of production costs to fifteen and seventeen cents a gallon.

Today there is a new factor in the agrol field. Under a new process ethyl alcohol will have a vital role in the manufacture of synthetic rubber. This will probably give further impetus towards the production of alcohol—alcohol from farm products.

In Peoria, Illinois, the U. S. Department of Agriculture maintains a little-publicized laboratory in which countless experiments are being carried out on various aspects of agricultural alcohol. So far no results

have been announced but it is believed that work now in progress will lead to ten-cents-a-gallon alcohol.

That's the research picture today. But money is again jingling in rural pockets and the alky-gas crusade has slowed down to a crawl even in the once rabid Middle West. The plan still has powerful and influential friends—men in high places who believe that sooner or later we will use agrol in our gasoline.

So don't count alky-gas out. Forget its numerous legislative interments. Forget the strength of its opponents. Instead look ahead to the end of the war—to mounting surplus crops, reduced gasoline reserves and maybe ten-cent agrol.

In 1914 Prohibition was also a hundred-to-one shot.

### **Winslow Homer**



Winslow Homer first came to the attention of the American public through the realistic sketches he drew while reporting for *Harper's Weekly* from the front lines of the War Between the States. Eventually he left journalism to concentrate on painting, living a self-sufficient life in a fishing village on the Maine coast. He painted *The Gulf Stream* in 1899, eleven years before his death.

### **Grant Wood**

Emulating Bohemians in France, for years Grant Wood tried to paint like a European, leaped into national prominence only after he went back to his native Iowa and painted what he saw there. The moral to his story has been taken to heart by most young painters since. *Shrine Quartet*, on the reverse of this gatefold, is one of his lithographs.

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COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





*The Gulf Stream* by Winslow Homer



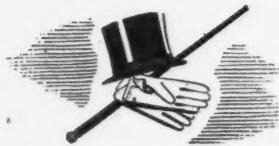
***Shrine Quartet by Grant Wood***



COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

NEW YOR

## Carleton Smith's Corner



*A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts*

### **Coronets:**

• • • To the Oslo Bookshop, forced to remove sign LEARN ENGLISH BEFORE THE TOMMIES COME, substituted LEARN GERMAN BEFORE OUR FRIENDS LEAVE.

To Nelson Eddy for the best acting of his screen career: impersonating the Russian in *The Chocolate Soldier* . . . to Paul Draper for tapping out the Good Neighbor policy in South American rhythms . . . to Julien Duvivier for his fine direction of Merle Oberon as *Lydia* . . . to *The Little Foxes*, a film that improved the play.

To *France on Berlin Time*: a documented introduction to "collaboration" with Hitler . . . to Father Francis Chisholm in A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom*: the year's outstanding human, who makes this world a better place.

### **Thorns:**

• • • To radio's soap opera serials: perpetual emotion . . . to our pin-ball machine age . . . to Victor's recording during a Toscanini performance of Beethoven's *Eroica*: coughs, bad breaks, missed measures, a hodge-podge unworthy of the maestro . . . to well-publicized stars in plotless films . . . to cocktail parties: useless reminders of woman's inhumanity to man.

### **Believe Me:**

• • • Washington rooming houses now rent sleeping quarters on an hourly instead of a daily basis . . . the highest pompadour in Hollywood is worn by Lana Turner and tops the two foot mark . . . *Snowball in Hell* was replaced by *My Favorite Blonde* as the title of Bob Hope's latest film.

### **Statistics Show:**

• • • Leningrad's Marinsky ballet removed over one million pairs of its silk stocking reserve . . . Cabs are cheapest in Washington, most expensive in San Francisco . . . Most frequent American movie-goer is 19, unmarried and female . . . Our national debt increases at the rate of \$300 a second.

Pure tin is more valuable than diamonds . . . Bright light and the movie camera add ten pounds to your weight, ten years to your age . . . The U. S. Army is the only one in the world which does not recognize and control prostitution.

Aztec descendants consider love an uncomfortable affliction, bathe in a stream to wash it off . . . Turquoise changes color according to the person who wears it.

### **Latin-Americanas:**

• • • Venezuela means little Venice . . . Sunday is the favorite day for elections . . . Most famous Spanish philosopher, Ortego y Gasset, now lives in Buenos Aires . . . Queca is Chile's most popular dance; Marinera, Peru's . . . Brazil contains the largest unexplored area in the world.

### **Individualisms:**

• • • Lady Mendl embroiders her motto on her pillow: "Never complain, never explain."

Duke Ellington can't get enough of *My Melancholy Baby*, walks out whenever he hears a rendition of *Sonny Boy*.

Benny Goodman goes for long periods without eating because he thinks ideas are more prolific on an empty stomach.

### **Strictly Incidental:**

• • • Latest cold cream is *Zodiac*, utilizes the tendencies herbs have under the sign to which you belong . . . May Robson, who waited 50 years to play Juliet, now has John Barrymore to play Romeo opposite her in *Playmates*.

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo will shortly dance Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Capriccio Espagnol* and Offenbach's *Gaité Parisienne* in your corner movie . . . Jesse Lasky is spending ten months preparing his version of *Adventures of Mark Twain* . . . Fame at Warner Brothers: Assistant to the Associate Executive in Charge of Production.

Floor shows aren't needed in London hotels. Menus and smokes are better draws . . . It is not necessary to stand when *The Star-Spangled Banner* is played over a microphone.

Department stores now employ graphologists to pre-judge the integrity of those applying for charge accounts . . . Los Angeles streets are an animated museum of antiquated jalopies . . . Strange Hollywood sight: Louella Parsons joining her audience in singing *Rock of Ages*.

London bottle parties—after-hotel spots—are crowded . . . Marion Anderson refused an offer to be filmed as a nun and sing Schubert's *Ave Maria*.



*Fiction Feature:*

## **Angel with a Torch**

by ALEC RACKOWE

*All Broadway came to hear the sad songs  
and to stare at this lovely Brazilian  
girl whose heart was slowly breaking*

IT's the same on Broadway as anywhere else. When things are going well you can expect anything to happen and it usually does.

I was in my office in the Garden Building that houses two of our chain of night clubs and dinner spots when the Boss got back from Saratoga.

The windows were open. It was still mid-summer. The hot smell of dusty sidewalks, lunch bars, shoe shops, car fumes, was coming in lazy and full and with it the hum and chatter of the Way.

I was happy. Our spots had weathered the summer nicely and pros-

pects for the autumn were fine. Then the Boss walked in, a little too genial.

The Boss is nearly sixty and white.

"How did you do?" I asked him.

"Fine. Had a mess of winners. But that Galliani . . ." the Boss shook his head. "He got cleaned."

"Did he?" I sat up. Galliani's a rival owner and not one to broadcast his losses.

"Cleaned," the Boss repeated. His smile was full. "He came to me and I wasn't easy on him."

That was the clincher. "What did he stick you with?" I asked.

"He didn't stick me," the Boss



"Look," I said. "You got stuck!"

blustered. "He was cleaned. He knew I had him." It has been too good to last. "Come on," I said wearily, "What did you buy from him?"

"The Southern Cross," the Boss said and when I didn't say anything I knew he was beginning to believe he'd been outsmarted. "It's a good place, Tip. Right at the Crossroads of the World—on Forty-Second Street. You can make it go big."

"Look," I said, "I don't care how little you paid. You got stuck. I know the joint. There's nothing there but bills and headaches. Your best move would be to pay up and forget it if they'd let you. But they won't. It's too good a laugh."

I'm a good prophet. One minute after the Boss eased himself out the phone rang. It was Folsom, the columnist. "It's a cross, all right," he gagged. "Left, right or double. Take your pick. And is Galliani laughing?"

I got in a few choice words before he hung up. When I swivelled around angrily a girl was standing in the doorway looking at me with eyes like saucers. Liquid black eyes in as lovely a face as I've ever seen.

A small girl, all in white, but different from the usual

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
JOHN FISCHETTI

Broadway beauty. When she said, "Mr. Tip Noakes?" there was a hint of an accent that told me she was one of our Good Neighbors. She almost said, "Teep."

I nodded. She came a step closer, slim legged, rounded. "I am Carola do Menho. From Bahia, in Brazil. I have come to sing for you."

"Okay sister, sing," I said, but I was just cracking from sheer dejection.

She took me literally. She perked her pretty head to one side like some exotic tropic bird and began to sing. It was a native song and like all those Latin numbers effective even when you don't understand the words.

When she finished I said, "Nice."

She smiled happily, "When do I begin, Mr. Tip?"

I looked at her. But she was serious and I gave her the easy brush. "Maybe you better get some more experience first."

I didn't think it possible but her eyes got even larger. "But I do not wish to sing for anyone else. In Bahia we know Tip Noakes, so when I leave for New York my brother say I can sing only for him."

I looked at her a moment and then I said, "All right. You're working for me. You start tonight. It's a place called the Southern Cross."

Her smile made the whole room shine. "That is lucky. Every night in Bahia I see the Cross in the sky."

"Yeah, sure," I said. "But this is a different Cross. It's on Forty-Second Street. Do you think you can find it?"

"Oh yes. I know New York. I have been here two weeks."

"All alone?" I asked and when she nodded I said, "I bet you've discovered there are a lot of wolves here."

Her white forehead puckered.

"Men," I added quickly.

She considered me gravely. "Ah no. One man there is for me. The others may look—but that is all." There was something in the way she said it that made me believe her.

"Where is he? In Brazil?"

She shook her head. "Did I know him I would be with him. He has not yet come."

But he would. The simple way she said things tickled me. I liked this nineteen-year-old. I said, "Okay, Carola. At six." She almost made me forget what the Boss had got me into.

But I was reminded that night. It was too good for the boys to pass up.

The Southern Cross was just what I remembered. Small and dingy. Down in a cellar, sandwiched between a strip theatre and a drug store with a shoe shining and repair concession. The five man orchestra was sadder still. Even the waiters were apologetic.

I wasn't surprised when Folsom and Selling, those rival gossip hounds walked in around midnight and Galliani with them. He's dark, white-toothed, and I don't like him.

They sat down at my table. Folsom looked around and then cracked, "When does it open for business?"

"It is open," Galliani cackled. "This is a crowd." There were maybe

twenty people dancing as if they didn't know what else to do.

Selling fiddled with his tie, a grin on his pasty face. Galliani began to laugh, and Folsom shook his head. "You better change the name, Tip. Call it Waterloo. It's gonna be yours."

Then mercifully the orchestra shut up and Carola came out in a pretty native dress, carrying her be-ribboned guitar. Galliani's eyes bugged and Selling's fingers went to his tie again.

Carola sang three songs. When she'd gone, Galliani cleared his throat.

"She don't have to sing with them looks and chassis. She yours, Tip?"

He was that kind. I didn't answer. Galliani laughed. "Maybe I will spend

some of Nelson's sucker money in his new joint. While it's open."

"It'll be open," I said, maybe speaking out of turn. "I'll make it go."

Which was what they wanted. To get me way out on a weak limb.

I puzzled over that crummy little cellar for two weeks but I didn't see what I could do with it. Sure, I could have sunk a wad into it for the Boss; paid off the orchestra, hired a name band and name entertainment. But how was I to get any of it back from a room that was comfortable with seventy-five people?

I hadn't had much time to think of Carola. The kid was happy, singing her pretty songs even to an empty room. She'd come and sit with me and it cheered me up. She was the only bright star in the Southern Cross.

She'd talk to me about Brazil and her brother who was all that was left of her family. Coffee planters and coffee not doing so well. It took my mind off the place for a while.

I guess I was too down to notice things. One night when Carola finished and came to my table a young fellow at another table got up and came over as well. A big blond lad of twenty-four or so. Broad shoulders and nice blue eyes. He stood there and Carola said gravely, "Mr. Tip, this gentleman would like to know me. It is proper that you should present him. He is Johnnee Grahame."

I swallowed. It was hard at times

*"Mr. Tip, this gentleman would like to know me."*



to follow Carola's way of looking at things. I was discovering there was a lot of difference between the social customs of these United States and of our Good Neighbors below. I presented this Johnny Grahame to Carola. They acknowledged the introduction ceremoniously. Then they sat down and began to talk and I needn't have been there.

After a time I asked, "How long's this been going on?"

Johnny got red. "I've been here every night for a week. I wanted to meet Miss do Menho."

I looked at Carola. Her eyes were shining. "I wanted for him to meet me," she agreed seriously.

It was nice, being with a couple of young, clean kids. I gathered Johnny was an engineer, mining or something and that he went pretty well all over for his firm. He hadn't hit Brazil yet but he was willing. In fact he was going to ask. The way he looked at Carola I knew it was all right with her, too. This, apparently, was the man she'd been waiting for.

When Johnny asked later if he could take her somewhere after the Cross, Carola looked at me. I waved and said, "Go to it. I'll be seeing you." I got up and then I stopped.

"You must come, too," Carola said. "It would not be proper . . ."

I gulped. "Yeah, sure . . ."

I was glad to go where they went the next couple of nights. I didn't want to be alone, and I didn't want to go near the gang. I was licked.

I felt pretty down the night Johnny said he was leaving for Canada. He looked woebegone about it and Carola's dark eyes were lustrous. "When will you be back?" I asked.

"In two weeks. Three at the most."

"That's a big place, Canada."

Johnny smiled. "The end of the world where I'm going. Everything is flown in and out."

Se we went to the Parnasse after Carola finished her songs and the two kids danced, not saying much, just looking at each other and I sat in my corner and bit my nails.

The Boss had been keeping out of my way. It made me sore because I was getting the laughs and they didn't set well. I'd never have touched the place myself, and Broadway knew it.

It was some time after Johnny left for Canada that I cornered Mr. Nelson in his office. I said, "What about the Southern Cross?"

He hemmed and hawed. "You can't do anything with it?"

"I told you that when you got stuck with it," I reminded him brutally.

The Boss spread his hands. "What do you suggest?"

"That so-called orchestra's contract is up in a couple of weeks. I'll see if I can sub-lease the space. If not we'll give it a lick of paint and let it go honky-tonk until the lease runs out."

The Boss scowled at his cigar. Then he lifted his shoulders and I left him.

I was so occupied with my troubles I didn't notice there was something wrong with Carola. She was always

so bright and sympathetic. So willing to listen to me moan my dirges.

There were twelve people in the place this particular night. All of them probably wondering how they got where they were. I was thinking dourly of this when I looked at Carola and saw the faint circles under her eyes and the droop of her red mouth. I said, "Honey, what's wrong?"

Those liquid eyes met mine. "It is four weeks that Johnnee is gone."

I felt a twinge of guilt. I'd been too occupied to give Johnny a thought. "So it is. He been held up?"

"I have not heard from him," Carola said simply. "Something has happened to him, Mr. Tip. I know it."

Being Mr. Broadway himself I knew better. But I said, "I'll ask around. I'll find out for you," and the pressure of her fingers was thanks enough.

I'm pretty good at trac-ing people. When you get rubber checks you go into the trac-ing business. I found Johnny's firm. The guy I got hold of said, "I'd like you to come down, Mr. Noakes."

I knew it was bad news. I went. One of these big offices in Rector Street. When I told him I was only a friend of Johnny's he relaxed. He went to a map and touched a red dot. "Young Grahame was to fly from our base here to our mine at this point." He touched another red dot pretty far up on the map. "The plane didn't

arrive. We've no report on it though they sent out searching planes as soon as it was overdue."

I gulped. "When was this?"

"Three weeks ago."

I looked at him. The guy, lean and weathered, said "There isn't much chance. A sudden storm. The plane swept off course. We discount mir-a-cles." He got up. "Thousands of square miles of snow and woods. Someday one of our planes will sight the wreck. Or a trapper come on it. Maybe this week, maybe next year. Maybe never." He looked at me. "He was a fine boy. We were going to send him down to Brazil."

I told Carola that night. I knew I had to. Knew she'd take it well. She listened, her face still. Then she said, "Thank you, Mr. Tip."

I said, "Look, Honey, why don't you go home to Brazil? Maybe it's this place but we've both had nothing but grief since we came here. I'm going to close it Saturday night."

I wasn't prepared for the way she cried, "Ah no—you cannot, Mr. Tip."

She leaned to me, her eyes bright in her white face. "He will come. Someday he will come and when he does I must be here."

I said, "Honey, it's hopeless. There isn't a chance. Only a miracle . . ."

Her warm fingers tightened on mine. "I will pray," she said simply. "He will come here where we learned to

*A Londoner by birth, Alec Rackove picked up first-hand knowledge of Ameri-can hot-spots when he did publicity for a New York chain. He has been a newspaperman on both sides of the Atlantic (*London Mail*, *New York News*), now devotes full time to filling the demand for his stories.*



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*Carola struck the first chords,  
and the room got still.*

love one another. And I must be here."

You can't do anything with faith like that. A little more red ink wouldn't matter and after a while she'd realize it was hopeless and go home.

But I'd reckoned without the Boss. He sent for me during the week and said, "You closing that joint?"

"Thought I'd let it run a while longer," I said.

The Boss shook his head. "We've lost enough. Close it."

I got mad. "It's staying open."

"Not on my money. Maybe you're rich enough to stand the losses?"

"Maybe."

"You stand them then," he rasped. "It's yours. Want a bill of sale?"

"Yeah," I said coldly. "Here's a dollar to make it legal."

He took the buck, too.

I know. I told myself what a chump I was, but somehow I couldn't let that kid down. When I listened to her singing her sad songs, white fingers barely touching the strings of her guitar I knew I'd go along with her.

Galliani was still coming in quite

often to grin at the empty room and not grin as he looked at Carola with hot eyes. Folsom and Selling came in for a minute now and then, but not to cheer me up.

It was Folsom who said one night, "Say, don't Carola sing nothing but sad songs?"

"It's the way she feels," I said, not thinking. "Her man got lost."

"Yeah?"

I said. "Yeah." I didn't care if he believed me or not. "A kid named Johnny Grahame. Somewhere up in Canada. She figures he'll come if he's alive. That's why she's staying here—where she met him. But she can't sing anything but sad songs. The happy ones won't come."

I didn't realize how it sounded until I saw the way Folsom looked at Selling. I shrugged and let it go at that. But the next day they both used the story.

Funny. For a whole week after I never connected the way business was picking up with the real cause.

Folsom put me wise. We were com-

fortably filled this night and when he stood in the door and looked around he shook his head. "You can think up the damnedest publicity angles . . ."

I stared at him. Folsom rubbed his chin. "The sad beauty of Forty-Second Street. Singing her heart out till her man comes." He snorted.

I started to protest but then I closed my mouth. Broadway only believes what it wants to. We began to pack them in. Within a month the headwaiter was acting like Nograles at the Parnasse. His nose up—turning away people he didn't know.

My only consolation was that Carola didn't seem to know the crowd was there, hanging on her sad Brazilian songs. Carola sang as if she were alone. As if no one but Johnny Grahame, somewhere, could hear.

It was a funny situation if I could have found anything amusing in it. But watching that kid fade before my eyes made me forget everything else. I didn't know what to do.

I tried snapping her out of it. She listened to what I had to say and she never moaned a single blue note, but her eyes were getting bigger and bigger and the rest of her less and less.

I said to her one night, "Honey, I'm going to close the Cross."

She was wearing her favorite white and her lovely head was like a dark flower. She smiled faintly, "When you were losing so much money you kept open—just for me." Her gesture was slight. "No."

We swept along towards spring,

making money out of Carola's heart-ache and me getting so I could gladly have put a match to the place. I was on bad terms with the Boss and that didn't make me feel any better.

I didn't know what to do. Summer coming and Carola looking whiter every day. I hate to leave Broadway at any time but I decided I'd have to go to Brazil to get Carola away.

The black figures on the auditor's account were on the desk before me. The Cross was a gold mine. But I pushed the papers away with a curse and reached for the phone that was ringing.

A voice said, "Mr. Noakes, miracles do come to pass."

I scowled. "What? Who's this?" "Barham," this voice said, "Barham of Amalgamated Mines. Young Grahame is safe . . ." He was fairly babbling. "We still breed men, Mr. Noakes. They were swept a hundred miles off their course in a blinding storm before they ran out of gas and had to come down. The pilot got a bad ankle out of the crash. They holed up until the storm passed.

"They had snowshoes—some provisions. They were three months making for the lakes where they knew they would find a trapper or two. Hunted for their food. And they made it. Turned up at the mine five months after they were due!"

"Where is he?" I managed to gasp.

"Flying back. Finished the job we sent him on, too!"

Did I quick dial Carola? No. I'm

Mr. Broadway like I told you. I'm too wise. And I loved this kid like she was mine. Johnny's been away a long time and maybe it hadn't meant anything to him in the first place. If he came back after all Carola had been through and never showed up—well, better she thought him dead.

The rope was up when I got to the Cross. I was standing at the door when Folsom and Selling came down the stairs with Galliani. Galliani looked in at the crowd and licked his lips. Folsom said, "Only Tip could turn a trick like this." Selling fiddled with his tie and nodded. "No one else."

They were needling Galliani. But it didn't give me a lift. I could only think about Carola. I sat with Folsom and Selling and tried to grin.

Carola came out with her guitar and struck the first chords and the room got still. She began to sing as the spots brought out her wistful dark loveliness. The women wept and the men swallowed.

Carola sang two songs. She started the third, her head bent over the guitar and then suddenly she looked up. There was something in her face that made me turn my head to the door.

Funny. I knew it was Johnny. He didn't see me. I don't think he saw anyone but Carola. His face was thinner, darker, but his shoulders just as broad and straight. He gave the girl his hat without waiting for a check and walked between the tables toward the back. And Carola struck a chord

on her guitar and left the floor.

Folsom said, "Hey, Tip, she didn't finish."

"She's finished," I said but I didn't say more. I drew a deep breath. I was just going to tell them a few things when I heard Moss say, "Have you a reservation, sir?" and a familiar growl answer that made my head jerk.

It was the Boss all right. He came over to the table. For all the attention he paid the others I might have been alone. I said, "Sit down."

He did. He took out a cigar and bit at it. Then he said, "Tip, you've done what I didn't think anyone could do. You put over this honky-tonk after I saddled you with it. If you'll turn this joint back into the chain I'll give you ten thousand and your usual cut."

Before I could speak Galliani piped,



"I'll give you that for half interest."

I looked towards the back of the room. I couldn't see them but I knew that somewhere Johnny and Carola were close together. Probably not saying much, their hearts too full for words. I turned to Galliani. "I don't like partners. Make it fifteen grand and you can have it all."

The Boss exclaimed, "Tip—you wouldn't . . ." but Galliani cried, "Sold. You boys are witnesses. That includes the gal's contract, too."

"Everything," I agreed, and Folsom and Selling looked from me to the Boss, seeing a great story in the split.

Galliani whipped out his check book. The Boss started to get up, his lips tight, but I pushed him back. "Make it three separate checks for five grand each," I told Galliani.

I wrote out the bill of sale while he scribbled. He could hardly keep his glee to himself. Folsom said, "Tip, you're nuts. This place is a gold mine."

I passed over the bill of sale and took the checks. I endorsed two of them while Galliani was reading the bill of sale. He got up, grinning. "She works for me now."

I held out one of the checks to the Boss. "This is what that heel stuck you for," I said. "I've just stuck him worse for trying it."

The Boss stared. Galliani sat down again. "What d'you mean?"

"You'll find out in just about a

month," I said. "When everyone discovers that the gal who sings sad songs is too happy to sing them any more even if she wasn't miles away."

Galliani rasped, "Don't give me riddles. What's this all about?"

"Nothing much. You thought it was a gag—a publicity stunt; but it was on the up and up. She was really waiting for her man. Now he's come and she won't sing sad songs. She'll sing happy ones—in Brazil." I lifted one of the checks. "This is Carola's wedding present, and this—" I lifted the other. "This is mine for all the grief this place has given me."

While Galliani sat, his Adam's apple bobbling, I touched the Boss's shoulder. "Come on," I said.

At the door I turned. Carola was coming to me and Johnny towered behind her. Carola's eyes were bright, her lips parted. "So long I have waited, Mr. Tip. Brazil is so far away—so long a time more to wait—"

I put my arm around her shoulders and nodded at Johnny. "We'll call your brother. I'll tell him everything is proper and formal."

It was a pleasure to hear her gasp her little crow of happiness; to see her hand seek for Johnny's. I touched the Boss on the arm and lifted my hand to the table in farewell. I could have laughed too if I'd wanted. I'd earned a last big one—but Galliani's face was enough.



## Your Other Life



*The idea that we live two lives is as old as man.*

*These well-authenticated tales from the world  
of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

• • • J. B. Priestley, noted English writer, had a way of putting his dreams to good use. On three separate occasions he dreamed a complete essay. The results were three of his best known works, *The Berkshire Beasts*, *The Strange Outfitter* and *The Dream*.

He has always maintained that the essays were *exact transcriptions of the dreams*, not merely elaborations on themes suggested in his other life. Although logical, and in two cases amusing, the essays have about them an indefinable dreamlike quality.



• • • For years Percy Goldthwait Stiles kept a complete record of his dreams. Eventually they were published in book form. He believed that he had established an important psychological theory—that the ability to reason is not entirely lost in sleep.

He dreamed that a stranger sud-

denly approached him and asked whether the area of a battleship's deck was larger than an acre. Stiles correctly multiplied a battleship's length by its average beam (although he knew nothing of ship construction). He then compared this figure with the number of square feet in an acre (which he correctly remembered) and found that the area of the battleship's deck was slightly larger than the acre.

Upon awakening, he looked up the matter and found that he was correct to within a dozen square feet.



• • • One night when C. L. Sibley, now editor of the *Montreal Daily Herald*, was still pounding the police beat for the *Sussex Daily News* of Brighton, England, he was sent on an exciting midnight assignment.

The police had just received word from a downtown hotel that the door

to the bar had been mysteriously locked and that blood was streaming under it. Arriving with the police, Sibley watched while the door was broken down. Inside lay a hotel employee, his throat slashed with a razor. As the victim was well known, and the circumstances of his death indicated the possibility of a well planned murder, Sibley immediately went back to his office and banged out a story.

Returning home, he *intentionally* refrained from mentioning the story to his wife, as it seemed a bit too horrible. After they had been asleep awhile, Mrs. Sibley awoke screaming.

She explained that she had had a frightful dream in which she had seen a man with his throat cut lying behind a door. Then, even to the most minute detail, she told the story just as her husband had written it.

### **Solution to Spy Case on Pages 99-100**

The message is a bit peculiar in that it jumps from the interests of shipping—as noted in words like “cargo,” “consulate” and “shipments”—to those of real estate. Remarking that the wording “didn’t look quite horizontal” to him, the alert censor arranged the words in columns. He found his solution in the third column

of letters, counting from the left, with all two-letter words serving as blinds. The radiogram is addressed to “Robert C. Johnston III”—and that “III” helps identify the code device.

The concealed message is: TEN US TRANSPORTS TO ICELAND STRONG NAVAL ESCORT SEVEN PM. It breaks down like this:

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# MEET THE South Americans

*A condensation from the new book by Carl Crow who also wrote "400 Million Customers"*

BELIEVING that a Good Neighbor Policy is worth little without at least an "over-the-back-fence" acquaintance with our neighbors, Carl Crow returned from South America recently, determined to perform the honors. The result, *Meet the South Americans*, is a lively, informal introduction which Emily Post would definitely *not* approve. You'll find answers to your questions about Nazi infiltration—about politics, social conventions and women's dress—about the men *and* the women—in this intimate, off-the-track commentary which only Carl Crow might be expected to produce.



## *Meet the South Americans*

SOUTH AMERICA is still awaiting discovery. With its vast tracts of unexploited riches and undeveloped land it stands today where we stood a hundred years ago. If it were as densely populated as the United States, it would have a population of three hundred million people, and there is no reason why it should not have even more. When one considers that Brazil alone is larger than the United States and that Bolivia one of the smallest republics is two times the size of Texas it becomes clear that South America is the continent of the future. Its progress is dependent only upon the people.

As with us, and the peoples of every color or race, the most important thing in life and the first duty of the

head of every South American family is by one means or another, to secure the money with which to provide the food, shelter and clothing that life itself requires.

When approached from that point of view the South American becomes to me an understandable person. Let us start with the fact that practically all wealth is agricultural. It is not in the pretentious cities that one sees the real wealth of the country, but in the great fields of grass and grain, the great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. But one will look in vain for the comfortable farm houses, the oversized barn and broad fertile fields in which the man who owns the farm lives and works in the United States.

The wealth of South America is

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much older than ours and, unlike ours, has no tradition of personal accomplishment, no close association with the soil which produces it. These differences of background cause misunderstanding. The South American looks upon us as a pushing and grasping people. He is slightly contemptuous of what appears to him to be our slaving for material success.

There is a gap of several generations between the highly developed business methods of the North American and the more leisurely or less high-powered methods of the South American. But it is incorrect and unfair to think of them as being lazy or indolent, for a great many of our Southern neighbors see no reason why the task of making a living should be unduly complicated.

Sometimes our sales managers are able to change this point of view and make a high-powered go-getter out of a South American sales agent. But sometimes he rebels and just quits.

**THE SOUTH AMERICAN** is always disconcerted at the abrupt way in which the North American will start conversations on any subject which he may have in mind, which is often that of making a sale. According to their way of doing things, business conversations should not be started until there is a little friendly chat. This is irritating to the go-getting Yankee who is accustomed to making as many calls as possible during the

business day. In the end, he reluctantly comes to the conclusion that the South American custom has a lot to be said for it. When two businessmen meet for the first time, the four or five minutes of casual conversation enables each to size the other up and establish the personal relationship which the South Americans refer to as *sympatico*. With that lubricant, the actual business part of the conversation proceeds smoothly, and in the end no time has been lost. Exuberance of expression is found in all human contacts in South America. When two men meet, they call each other "my friend," pat each other on the back and exchange embraces. The newly arrived North American looks on these antics with mild amusement. Only after he has made his first trip back to the States and returns—and is greeted effusively—does he find it rather pleasant.

### **The ten bad neighbors:**



From the time they threw off the rule of Spain and Portugal and set themselves up as independent, self-governing nations, the South American countries have not been good neighbors to each other. Boundary disputes still flare up after more than a century of controversy.

All of these countries, with the exception of Brazil, have at one time

## ***Meet the South Americans***

or another been at war with one or more of their neighbors. In the wars fought, a great many men were killed and a great deal of property destroyed, leaving impoverished survivors with bitter memories.

It is against this background of old prejudices and distrust that the countries try to solve their economic problems and in so doing, often create new friction.

This jealousy and distrust and prejudice manifests itself in romance as well as it does in politics. Having met a number of fellow Americans who were married to charming residents of South American countries, I hastily concluded there must have been a great deal of intermarriage in the different countries themselves. Much to my surprise, I found this was not true.

If a young South American marries a girl from some other country and takes her to his home to live, the chances are that she will have as difficult a time breaking into the local social circles as a newcomer into an inhospitable New England community. A young Peruvian who was married to a charming Chilean girl told me that when they first were married, she was very unhappy because everyone made her feel that she was an unwelcome stranger. He finally solved the problem of his own marital happiness by going into business in Chile, his wife's country. And since he was successful and prosperous, the Chileans had to treat him decently even

if he did come from a country with which they had often been at war.

The development of trade between the different countries in which each would share the prosperity of others might have done a great deal to make them forget old differences. But this has never materialized. There is surprisingly little trade between the countries. We buy more from every South American country than it sells to all its nine neighbors combined.

"We are all to blame," a Chilean business man told me. "If a Peruvian puts up a factory in his own country, he has no difficulty about getting his government to protect him with the tariff. Under that protection, the Peruvian is fairly certain to prosper and, if he is a successful manufacturer, there is no reason why he shouldn't build up a market in Chile and Bolivia and Ecuador and other countries. But that never happens."

"If we see Peruvian enamelware trickling into Chile, someone is certain to put up a similar factory in our country. Our government is just as obliging as any other in the matter of protective tariffs for the benefit of the manufacturer. The result is that every country in South America tends to surround itself by a wall."

There is a good deal of reason to believe, however, that they have already started to develop a new policy.

"I never really got acquainted with my neighbors," a Colombian land-owner told me, "until we all faced

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the same problem of an over-production of coffee. So long as we were all prosperous there was no need for us to work together. But when we faced hard times we had to cooperate. Now that we have learned how to do it, we will probably keep it up after the wars are ended and we again feel secure."



### ***The city of the Cariocas:***

There is nothing antique about the beauty of Rio as about London or Paris or other famous cities. One half the city looks as if the last bit of plaster was put on day before yesterday, and the other half looks as if the painters have just completed a job of repairs and repainting during the week before.

There is something of the carefree pagan about the Cariocans. With so much beauty on which to feast the eye, such wonderful beaches, such gay little cafes where one may sip coffee and gossip with friends, the opportunities to let life slip by in idle enjoyment are found in a degree not to be duplicated in any other large city. This business of making a living becomes a necessary evil, to be attended to with the least possible interference with the more important matter of enjoying life.

While Brazilian architects have produced some beautiful as well as amazing buildings, they have not been so

successful in the line of engineering achievement.

Not only are all the elevators in the Rio office building over-crowded, but if a government official happens to be a tenant in the building, the other tenants and visitors might as well get used to climbing the stairs.

I've known fussy officials in the far east, but only in Rio have I seen them insist on precedence in the matter of elevator service. After waiting my turn in a queue, I managed to get into an elevator in a big office building, intending to go to the fourth floor. But as a high official was bound for the sixth floor, the operator sailed past the fourth as if it did not exist. On the sixth floor, another official got in for the eighth. On the eighth, a third official got in bound for the ground floor, and down we went. The Cariocans who shuttled up and down with me didn't seem to mind—they are devil-may-care fellows, more likely to smile than frown at petty annoyances such as this.

The Cariocan, with his well-brushed suit, his well-barbered appearance, his Roy Howard mustache and his general air of gaudiness, presents a convincing impression of prosperity and physical well-being. But it is easy to discover that the material from which the suit is made is not of the best, that what appears to be a muscular shoulder could be amputated without spilling a drop of blood. These are trifles which do not humble the

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gay spirit in the least.

In Rio one does not have to enjoy a large income in order to be a gay dog. Rio residents by the thousands drop into one of the many coffee shops from the time they open in the morning until they close at night. It is a habit the visitor soon acquires. The moment you sit down, the waiter, in a spotless white uniform, puts a tiny cup in front of you and then returns to fill the cup with coffee, usually from a gleaming blue pot. After you have consumed the cup of coffee, you fish from your collection of coins a brass piece, bearing the numeral 200, which is the equivalent of one cent in U. S. currency. That is the price of the coffee, a price regulated by government decree and applying all over the country, from the smallest cafe to the most luxurious hotel.

THERE ARE no gangsters in Rio. Everyone complains there is a lot of petty thievery, but such major crimes as burglary are very rare. Crimes of violence are not uncommon, but the sequel is never so tragic as in our less romantic land, for there is no death penalty in Brazil. This was explained to me by a Brazilian bachelor, now past middle age, who entertained me with many stories about the romantic exploits of his youth. He didn't know whether the abolition of capital punishment was a good thing or not and remarked with reminiscent sadness, "You would be surprised what trivial

things will provoke a Brazilian husband to attempts at homicide."

*Bicho*, the numbers game, is one of the biggest businesses in Brazil. Once a petition was presented to the government, stating that if *bicho* was closed down it would mean that fifty thousand people would be thrown out of employment. It is not only conducted in violation of the law, but is in direct competition with the legitimate lotteries and roulette wheels that share their profits with the government. In *bicho* the numbers from 1 to 100 are divided into 25 sets of 4 and each of the sets is given the name of some animal. You may play any number or a series, and if your number should happen to fall in one of the winning series, you would still win.

Sitting in the sidewalk cafes and watching a very satisfactory world go by, the Cariocan provides all of South America with its most dependable supply of humor. Quips and wise-cracks, first heard here, soon cross the Andes and are heard in Lima or Carracas, while many are picked up and adapted by the Hollywood gag writers. It was a Brazilian wit who conceived the whimsical idea of winning a motor car race by fitting the car with Italian tires in front and Greek tires in the rear. He said it meant a great saving in gas, because the front tires just ran away in fright.

The fact that President Vargas of Brazil has a lively sense of humor and enjoys a joke, even if it is at his ex-

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pense, endears him to a great number of the people and makes it something of an anomaly to refer to him as a dictator. Almost everyone tells some story about him. The favorite is about his attempt to play golf, which he made soon after he had dispensed with the formality of working with Congress, and began governing the country by issuing decrees himself.

Everyone in Brazil knew that the President had become a golf enthusiast and had been taking secret lessons from a professional. So, when it was learned that he would make his first appearance on the links, there was a big crowd of spectators. He took a crack at the ball, topped it, and it rolled about ten feet. For a moment the spectators were silent. Then someone jumped to his feet and yelled, "Mr. President! You can't play golf by decree!"

The crowd roared with laughter, and the President joined them. That is not the way of a dictator—yet President Vargas has proven that he can be quite ruthless in politics.



**We are superior:** An American told me he had lived in Buenos Aires some years before he felt that

he had any real friends among the Argentine businessmen with whom he was in almost daily contact. Finally, after about five years, one of them

said to him, "I wish you could tell me why we Argentines are so unpopular everywhere. I can't understand it."

"Well," said the North American, "if you want me to be frank about it, I think it is because of the air of superiority all of you appear to have. Everyone gets the impression you think you are better than they are, and people always resent that."

He studied for a moment. "But," he said, "we *are* superior."

While this smug assumption of superiority is naturally irritating to others, it is only fair to acknowledge that the Argentine has a good deal of justification for it. The present day Argentine considers himself as being the only true survivor of the original Spanish settlers. In all other countries there are groups of Indians and, in some, mixtures of Negro or Oriental blood. With unimportant exceptions Argentines are all of white blood. Besides, from the poorest of the colonies, Argentina has become the richest and most powerful of the Spanish-American countries.

Buenos Aires, one of the largest, wealthiest and most beautiful cities in the world, is the symbol of Argentine accomplishment. Next to New York it is the biggest port in America and yet, as nature endowed it, it is one of the poorest. The port is so shallow it is kept open only by constant dredging far out to sea.

The contrast between city and country is striking in all parts of the

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southern continent, but more so in Buenos Aires than any other. In a half hour drive from the center of metropolitan Buenos Aires, one is out in the monotonously flat grass country, scenery which only a cow could love. Only in the spacious and well-kept parks can the people of this great city come into contact with anything remotely resembling country life.

Considering the very small number of Britons (about fifty thousand) who made their homes in Argentina, they have had an important and widespread influence on the life of the people. The Argentines of the better class have adopted British sports so enthusiastically that their life has taken on a British tinge. The strength of their influence is nowhere better illustrated than in the life within the German community itself.

In order to make themselves liked by their Argentine hosts and be accepted socially, the Germans have had to simulate the British sportsman and learn to play polo and golf and football. They have done this with typical German thoroughness but without what might be called complete success. Somehow a German in jodhpurs and a riding crop looks as if he was dressed for a fancy dress party.

The Argentines know that a great future lies ahead of their country. It is easy for a patriot to visualize the time when Argentina will no longer be just the wealthiest of the Latin-American states but will be a world

power. There may be temporary setbacks such as those caused by the present war in Europe, but a country possessing such great agricultural wealth must go ahead.



### ***Chile, long and lean:***

It is difficult to imagine a city with a grander setting than Santiago, with its background of the snow-tipped Andes. Chile is a long, lean stringbean of a country with residents who are certainly not fat. The exploitation of natural riches played out here earlier than elsewhere, and as a result the Chileans have gone through an evolutionary period which has not yet begun in other neighboring countries. There are a few of the big land owners left, but their struggles to maintain their old position now amount to little more than futile gestures.

Chilean women have been emancipated from the convent-like seclusion in which they are held in the other nine countries. They take part in public affairs, agitate for social reforms and go into business for themselves. Young women are proposed to by men who fall in love with them, and they accept the man of their own choice with no more parental interference than in the United States. In the public parks, boys and girls may be seen together without a chaperon in sight. Sometimes they even spoon

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or kiss right out in public.

The point of view of the Chilean common man is much like that of the Chinese. Poverty has made him a philosopher, and he is more inclined to laugh at his superiors than to revile them and join the Communist Party. An American friend told me about a conversation he overheard between a couple of Chilean workmen who had stopped on a railway siding to have a look at a huge electric transformer which filled most of the space on a flat car. "I wonder what that funny looking thing can be."

"I'm not sure," said the other, "but it might be a North American canary cage. These Yankees always make things as complicated as possible."



**People Pizza-ro conquered:**

If we should ever put on a publicity campaign to attract tourists from

Lima, we should give great emphasis to the fact that the visitor would not be in the United States very long before enjoying a good rain.

The streets of Lima have a dry and dusty odor, for the very good reason that they are never moistened by a heavy rain. In fact, just a light shower is such an admittedly rare occurrence, I sometimes doubt there is any rain at all. It is one city where the shops do not stock either umbrellas or rain-coats, and the only way one can get

his feet wet is by sticking them in a bathtub or under a water tap.

The plazas are full of life and color all the year round. Here, the well-dressed women come to do their shopping, though not so smartly attired as their sisters in Chile or any of the east coast cities. Mingled with them are Indians, for more than half the population of the country is pure Indian.

The attitude of the pure blood ruling classes toward the predominant Indian population in Peru is a curious combination of fear and contempt. Secretly they speculate on what this great mass of Indians might do if awakened by education or aroused by racial appeal started by an impassioned leader. Japanese were encouraged to settle in Peru because of the profits that could be made from their labor. Now the rulers wish they weren't there because they might arouse and organize the Indians.

On the other hand, I love the democratic way that Peruvian waiters, taxi-drivers and even the petty shopkeepers assume that everyone is on the same economic level as themselves. I was often tempted by that combination of good food at absurdly small prices and ordered much more than I could possibly eat. After a few days, the waiter became familiar with the differential between my eyes and my stomach and just conveniently forgot to bring dishes that I had ordered which he knew I would not eat.

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The gay dog of a Peruvian, just like his fellows in Brazil and Chile, has a marvelous time on what is, to American standards, a very small amount of money. The Chilean enjoys a glass of his own very good wine for a few cents and gets a big glass of very good beer for three cents. Only a very seasoned veteran will spend more than a quarter at a sitting. Then, full of good spirits and at peace with the world, he tips the waiter four and a half cents and says, *Comprosa una casa.* (Buy yourself a house.)



### **Where time has stood still:**

In Guayaquil, Ecuador, I saw a realization of the banana belt towns painted in some of the O. Henry stories. It was just the sort of place where you could imagine a lonely consul drinking himself to death, or desperate characters plotting crimes, or patriots plotting revolution. There is little that is pleasing to the eye.

Poverty is inclusive but not depressing because it does not involve such physical distresses as cold or hunger. There were few neatly dressed men on the streets, and many were shabby.

Any idea that the Ecuadorians are affected by the indolence that is supposed to characterize countries that are lying in the banana producing zone would be dispelled by the character of the goods brought on deck for

sale. The one article most persistently offered is the Panama hat, which is not made in Panama at all but in Ecuador and Colombia. It got its name from the fact that in the gold rush days miners found the hats on sale in Panama.

Among the few but growing industrial establishments in Ecuador, is a factory producing 760,000 pairs of shoes a year. This is not a very large number of shoes to supply the needs of more than three million people. It was with this figure of Ecuadorian shoe production in mind that there suddenly flashed on me what I think is a logical explanation for the vast amount of shoe shining in South America. The reason why they are willing to pay the equivalent of the price of several ripe bananas, when shining shoes is such an easy job to do, is that it is a kind of distinction. It is not everyone who can do this, for everyone does not own shoes. In fact, a rather accurate social division might be made of the people of South America: the shoeless and the shod.



### **Colombia— our nearest neighbor:**

At an elevation of 8,600 feet, not far from the center of the country, is the city of Bogotá, the capital and principal city of Colombia. The lowlands were populated by Negroes, poor white trash and mes-

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tizos; the highlands by Spanish, who settled there in medieval times and came into little contact with the outside world except through books.

Isolated from the rest of the world, the aristocrat has turned to education not as a useful tool of accomplishment but as something to cultivate for the pure intellectual enjoyment of it. This devotion of culture has become a characteristic of the country. Erudition appears to drip from the pores of the Colombian. The per capita production of poetry is probably greater in Colombia than in any other Spanish speaking country. However, the Colombians appear to assume that they alone are interested in the pursuit of literature, for in no hotel could I find a decent writing desk.

There can be no doubt about the power of the Church in Colombia. The country is looked upon as one of the last remaining strongholds of medieval clericalism. Religious issues still provide political footholds. The liberal party, which is now in power, has always taken the lead in moves to break up the great property holdings of the church and provide a more liberal system of education than that offered by the parish school.

The priests of Colombia have had a very difficult time adjusting themselves to the modern world of radio and cinemas, and the church is now offering competition. I happened to be in Bogotá during Christmas week. The churches presented a strange ap-

pearance. The familiar altar decorations were hidden by stage settings depicting the Holy Family. The ancient organ was supplemented by a string orchestra in the choir loft. The music was the gay *Jingle Bells*, familiar to every American child. A few minutes later the climax of the musical program was reached when the orchestra broke into the strains of the rhumba.

While the government of Colombia is progressive, many of its police regulations are antiquated. Permits are required to enter the country, permits to leave, permits for a businessman to go to another town. If police records were as complete in fact as they are in theory, it should be possible to tell just where the more than nine million citizens are on any given date.

The construction of the Panama Canal marked the beginning of a new era for Colombia. The Canal has been of more value to Colombia than to any other country, including our own.

A measure of the prosperity of Colombia was found in the figures showing our purchases of coffee. In 1909, before the Canal was opened, it amounted to 448,000 bags. In 1938, it amounted to 3,413,000 bags. Contrary to popular belief, we are by far the most important customers of South American countries. In Colombia we take sixty per cent of all exports—four times as much as Germany.

With a wide variety in climate, Colombia produces everything that is

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common to both the tropical and temperate zone. They believe that with the industrial development that will accompany the more thorough cultivation of the soil, the country can easily support a population of a hundred million.



### **Mademoiselle from New Rochelle:**

Directly opposite me in the dining salon of the *S. S. Argentina*, sat a lustrous, dark-eyed señorita, who was all that I had imagined a South American of dazzling beauty should be. I was wondering whether someone would act as an interpreter when she introduced herself in English. "It is so nice to find a neighbor on board a big ship like this," she said. "I was born and have always lived in New Rochelle—near your home in Pelham!"

What a lot of trouble irresponsible fiction writers have made for us, writing their intriguing romances about the black-haired señoritas who wear poinsettias in their hair!

They are responsible for the great brunette fallacy, the general belief that there are not enough blondes in South America to supply what might be called the normal demand. The actual figures are surprising. Brunettes constitute sixty per cent of the population, blondes thirty-nine per cent, redheads one per cent. About ten per cent

of the brunettes are brown or chestnut haired, leaving just half with the ebony locks commonly attributed to all South American girls.

Neither blondes nor brunettes wear poinsettias in their hair, for such a noticeable display of color would be looked upon as evidence of extremely bad taste. They don't try to look like the glamorous South American beauties of the movies, but like well-dressed girls on Fifth Avenue. Indeed, the costumes of all the señoritas and señoritas are distinctly lacking in gay colors, without being somber. Practically all of the gowns, even those worn by those of sub-deb age, are black or white or gray.

One explanation of this general adoption of somber colors may be attributed to the love of the large colored population for bright and glaring colors. Thus the South American ladies lean toward the other extreme. For a similar reason, the South American man demands a hat with a brim so narrow as would appear slightly ridiculous to others. The gaucho, who spends his days in the sun, must wear a broad-brimmed hat. The white-collar worker, who feels himself vastly superior to the gaucho, goes to just the other extreme.

With such restraint in the use of color, either in clothing or cosmetics, it is not surprising that an American tourist lady should occasionally attract as much attention as a circus parade. Assured that no self-respect-

## **by Carl Crow**

ing woman would dress like that, the South Americans assume that she must want to attract attention. It has happened on a good many occasions that an adventure of this sort has ended by a jump into a taxi and a retreat to the hotel, where the offending garment is packed away and not unpacked until the trip homeward.

If there is any increase in tourist travel to South America, it wouldn't be a bad idea for our State Department to compile and publish a little manual for the ladies, giving some hints as to what they should not wear. This would prevent many unpleasant incidents. They might also add a word of timely advice to husbands about taking wives into hotel bars, where their presence might be misunderstood by all the young gallants.

It has been said that there is not an unmarried girl in Argentina who has her own latchkey. With the possible exception of Chile, there is no country where boys and girls enjoy that free and wholesome association which is such a distinctive feature of life in the United States. In fact, parents seem to take it for granted that if every social gathering of boys and girls is not carefully watched, something very dreadful is sure to happen. It is because of this that so little progress has been made in getting South American girls to qualify for the many scholarships offered by co-educational schools in the United States.

In what I must admit was a very

casual investigation, I found insufficient data to support the stories that South American young men not only stare at beautiful ladies but, if opportunity arises, pinch them in pinchable places. It is a very ungallant thought to entertain, and it has occurred to me that some of our tourist ladies have done just a little bragging.



### ***Swastika under the Southern Cross:***

***During the first World War I had charge of***

United States propaganda in the Far East. I tried to do in China just what the Germans are trying to do in South America—create friendship for ourselves and hatred for our enemies.

I was prepared, therefore, to look over the new widely publicized German propaganda machine with a professional eye, admire its technique and pick up pointers which might prove useful if the United States should get into this present war. I discovered no important new techniques, but I did learn several things *not* to do.

We searched nine newspapers in Rio de Janeiro for a period of time which we judged representative.

Eighty per cent of all news from abroad was from the United States; eleven per cent was from Reuters, the British news agency; seven per cent was from German, Italian and Japanese news agencies. This figure in-

## **Meet the South Americans**

cluded all the propaganda material we could discern. Small as the percentage is, it exaggerates German propaganda accomplishments.

Only two newspapers in Rio publish a trans-ocean report, the German radio news service. One of these is the veteran *Jornal do Brazil*, which prides itself on its impartial and neutral policy. It clearly states the origin of the German reports and slashes out paragraphs which are pure propaganda. The other user, *Meio Dia*, frankly of German origin, was in debt when the war started, then became prosperous, with no increase either in circulation or advertising. Its influence in Brazil is probably something less than the influence of *The Daily Worker* in the United States.

It does serve a useful purpose, making it possible for German propaganda at home to quote favorable sentiments as expressed by "a powerful Brazilian daily." Lord Haw-Haw at one time quoted an editorial in *Meio Dia*, approving the signing of the Axis pact. In fact, he quoted the editorial several hours before it appeared.

I went through the same laborious searching process in Buenos Aires, in Valparaiso and Lima, in Montevideo and Santiago. The result was the same, with small variation. In important South American cities, the newspapers refused to publish German propaganda handouts, and in every city the Germans have established and subsidized at least one newspaper.

After completing our analysis of newspapers, we went to work on the magazines. Most of them looked startlingly familiar, for the good reason that their contents are lifted from American magazines—by arrangement or otherwise. German propaganda, either in text or in pictures, is even scarcer here than in the newspapers. Again, eighty per cent of the contents originated in the United States. The rest was mostly local.

The Germans have had to establish a monthly called *Clarindo*, almost incredibly crude and vulgar. It carries coarse caricatures and a frank black-list of dentists, physicians and tradesmen, supposed to be unfriendly to the Nazis. However, this merely adds to the growing number of people to whom Nazi methods are abhorrent.

RADIO COVERAGE is not so easy to measure as that of newspapers and magazines. All over Latin America the public radio is much more of an institution than it is with us. People listen in cafes, on the streets and in buses. However, my own inquiries made me believe that relatively few owners of sets listen to short wave programs, either German or otherwise. Evidently the Germans realize this, for in addition to expensive short wave broadcasts from Europe, they are buying time on local stations and even buying a few second-rate stations outright. We are about to meet this move by commercial arrangement whereby

## **by Carl Crow**

important stations in all the principal cities are to rebroadcast programs from the United States.

Yet we are doing nothing officially to combat German propaganda, much of which is directed against us. The German government is spending several million dollars a year, but our government at Washington is not spending a cent. We do not need to. Government money could never build up a propaganda machine equal to that developed through the efforts of American news agencies, feature syndicates and moving picture producers to supply South America with legitimate news and entertainment.

In the dream of the Nazi map-maker there is an invisible Empire in South America over which they believe the Swastika emblem will eventually fly, bringing the ten independent republics within the sphere of German domination. Thousands of trained agents are working to make this dream a reality. In spite of clumsy attempts at secrecy, their plans and their methods are well known to the man in the street and provide material for many a Spanish or Portuguese quip and wisecrack by local humorists.

By pure chance I saw half a dozen of the most prominent secret agents in Brazil. They sat next to my table in a restaurant, and everyone knew them.

The first task undertaken by the Nazi agents has been the organization of Germans in South America. By the simple expedient of classifying as

German everyone who had a German grandparent and then indulging in a little elastic arithmetic, the Nazis have been able to compile some very spectacular figures. By persistently representing that all full blood, half blood and quarter blood Germans in South America are adherents to the Nazi cause, they present a deceptive but very convincing illusion of a potential Nazi state within South America.

The opinion I heard most generally expressed is that not more than ten per cent of those who speak the German language have any sympathy for the Nazi cause. When the paper plans for their South American empire were first drawn, the Nazis may have been naive enough to believe they could gain control over one or more of the South American governments. In this they have failed completely. There is not a single government that is not friendly to the United States; not one that does not more or less openly combat Nazi activity.



### ***North is north and south is south:***

Historians account for the difference between people very glibly

and convincingly, and provide a lot of textbook reasons in long words concerning why North and South Americans think and act differently, or do the same things in different ways.

The fierce, often unreasoning patri-

## **Some Loose Ends**

A recent letter from Mr. Bertrand Russell, whose auto-obituary appeared in the September issue, raises a point we hasten to clear up.

Apparently, some readers have interpreted Mr. Russell's piece as an airing of his current political views, rather than as a satirical representation of what the press might be expected to report on his death.

Frankly, we agree with Mr. Russell that such an interpretation is puzzling in the extreme. We also feel his actual belief should go on record—at least in regard to the present war. We quote:

*"On the present war, I hold that the defeat of Hitler is essential if civilization is to be preserved."*

Second item of the month is this: Readers who have requested copies of Vol. 1, Number 1 of Coronet (November, 1936), only to learn the supply has long since been exhausted, will probably be peeved to learn that thirty-seven additional copies have now been uncovered.

These copies, bound in white vealskin with black vealskin inlay—and tooled in 24-carat gold, were originally offered at cost, which was \$2.50.

Today they may still be purchased by the first bidders at this price.

There are also about fifty copies each of the seven succeeding issues (December, 1936 to June, 1937) in the same luxurious binding—and at the same luxurious price.

While they last, gentlefolk.

## *The Coronet Dividend Coupon*

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



### READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 10

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,  
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive the gatefold, *In Flanders Fields*, as my free November reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- In Flanders Fields (no charge)
- June in January: Color Photograph by Tom Kelley (enclose 10c)
- Gulf Stream: Painting by Winslow Homer (enclose 10c)

Name.....

(PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

**Note:** Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to November 25, 1941

## **The Coronet Workshop**

### **RESULTS OF BALLOTTING ON PROJECT #12**

Last July, Coronet asked readers to vote on future policy regarding the Picture Stories. Here are results:

- a.** Make them a regular Coronet feature—61%
- b.** Run them from time to time in Coronet—28%
- c.** Discontinue them altogether in future issues—11%

Accordingly, until you tell us differently, the Coronet Picture Story remains firmly ensconced as a regular monthly feature.

As usual, the time-to-timers (28%) gave as their reason a feeling of doubt

that we could continue to find subjects on a par with the first few published.

That, sirs, is a challenge we accept.

As a matter of fact, the editors intend to improve this feature measurably with each issue—as witness *This Is New York*, on page 39.

Or next month, when Coronet will feature *Say, Is This the U.S.A.* by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White.

We have our eyes on an equally promising Picture Story for the January issue, too. And for February; and—

But wait and see!

### **WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #12**

For the best letters on Project No. 12, first prize has been awarded to Donald Dunn, Independence, Missouri; second prize to Huxley Reider, Montclair, New Jersey, and the third prize to Mrs. W. H. Kelly, Toronto, Ontario.

## **Project #16**

### **ILLUSTRATIONS**

So many comments have been received by Coronet regarding the increased use of illustrative drawings and sketches within its pages, the editors feel a word of approval or disapproval from readers is definitely in order. Several reasons governed the incorporation of more illustrative material in Coronet: the editors felt that here was a means not only for avoiding monotony in Coronet's pages, but also for adding punch to its features. But what do you think?

- a.** Do you approve of the new policy of added illustrative material?
- b.** Would you prefer Coronet to use only a minimum of illustration?

By voting for one of these alternatives, stating the reasons for your choice in a letter, you become eligible to win one of Coronet's monthly awards of \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize or \$5 third prize. Letters must be mailed before November 25th to Coronet Workshop, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



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